

**COMMENT OF  
THE DAY**

**Arts Festival**

TO a Colony which has endured—one might almost say encouraged—a reputation for being an object of the more aesthetic and artistic influences of life, the appearance this year, for the first time, of a Festival of Arts, is welcomed with a lively sense of satisfaction.

The festival is significant because it illustrates the progress—even though it has been relatively slow—made since the war in the development of cultural interests and appreciation among Hongkong's community. The festival, indeed, marks the emergence of the Colony's art and culture from a groping, hesitant experiment into a confident and quite fairly self-assertive achievement.

AND quite the most imposing and important feature of this is that it results from a genuinely inter-racial effort. For consider the varied societies which are contributing to the festival. In drama there is the Hongkong Stage Club, the Garrison Players, the Kai Tak Players, the Linden Players and the Chinese Drama Group of the Sino-British Club. In music there is the Sino-British Orchestra, the Crescendo Singers, the Hongkong Singers, the Chinese Music Group of the Sino-British Club and the Hongkong Choral Group. Literature is looked after by the Literary Group of the Sino-British Club, and the visual arts by the Hongkong Art Club, the Photographic Society of Hongkong, the Amateur Cine Club, the Chinese Culture Group of the Sino-British Club and the Chinese Contemporary Artists' Group. Thus the international character of the festival is assured.

FROM today until April 23 the community are going to be given numerous opportunities of discovering for themselves to what degree the arts can and do flourish in Hongkong. The festival is also a challenge to the public, for, as Sir Alexander Grantham has observed, "A culture, however fine, that is not supported by its people is not a living thing. If we seek to prove that Hongkong is not a cultural wilderness, we must show it not only by the standard achieved in the arts, but also by the interest and support which the general public affords them." It is up to Hongkong to make this festival the first of many successful ones to come.

# TORY ELECTION GAINS

## A Pointer To Churchill's Resignation

London, Apr. 1

Conservative gains in local elections and a billion-dollar budget surplus today smoothed the shortening path to Sir Winston Churchill's retirement which is now being predicted for next Tuesday.

The Prime Minister's campaign chief, Lord Woolton, said that results in yesterday's County Council elections across Britain indicated a "movement to the right."

Black ink at the Treasury and a fair straw in the voting winds were seen here as insurance to the general expectation that Sir Winston will shortly hand his job to the Foreign Secretary, Sir Anthony Eden.

At the same time the Treasury reported a 1954-55 budget surplus of £433,166,594 which boosted the chances of vote-winning tax cuts in the new budget to be announced on April 19.

The Yorkshire Post, an authoritative provincial newspaper, flatly predicted that this will take place on Tuesday.

In political circles the assumption was that Sir Winston would give his resignation to the Queen on Tuesday and Sir Anthony would call a swift national election to seek a personal mandate from the voters.

Encouraging gains in yesterday's local County Council elections gave a measure of evidence that the Churchill retirement had not damaged Tory prestige at the polls.

"These results are encouraging," said Lord Woolton, Chairman of the Conservative Party and Sir Winston's campaign chief. "They show a movement to the right which has been evident for some time."

Mid-day returns from the County elections showed no change of control.

But in the Socialist-controlled London County Council Conservatives picked up 14 seats. Final results for the County of London gave Labour 74 seats and Conservatives 52 compared to 81 for Labour and 37 for the Conservatives three years ago. Out-country, the trend was less marked. Labour posted marginal gains and losses on the basis of local issues.—United Press.

London, Apr. 1. The President of Portugal, General Craveiro Lopes, and his wife are to pay a state visit to London from October 25 to 28, it was announced tonight. It will be the first state visit by a President of Portugal to England—Portugal's ally since the 14th century.—Reuters.

## "A Matter Of Hours"

London, Apr. 1

A Conservative Member of Parliament, Sir Beverley Baxter, former Editor of Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express, said today he thinks Sir Winston Churchill will resign "in a matter of hours."

"I think the resignation of Sir Winston is a matter of hours and the accession to authority of Sir Anthony Eden is a matter of days," Mr. Baxter said in a speech at Birmingham.

This declaration put the firmest foundation yet under the unofficial belief that Sir Winston is quitting.

The Prime Minister arranged a party at No. 10 Downing Street tonight to celebrate his wife's 70th birthday anniversary.

Tomorrow they are expected to go to the official country residence, Chequers, for the week-end. On Monday they will return to London for what may be Sir Winston's last week as Prime Minister.

### ELECTION IN MAY

Mr. Baxter made his forecast in a speech to women Conservatives in Birmingham's Edgbaston constituency this afternoon.

"I also bet something," he told the women Tories—"that the election will be in May."

Meanwhile, it was disclosed that Sir Anthony had cancelled a speaking engagement for May 21. The Foreign Office confirmed that he was to have addressed the English-speaking Union then.

The official reason given was that it fell during Parliament's Whitsun recess. The House of Commons said no date had been fixed for the recess. Whitsun falls on May 15.—United Press.

## 1,600 Rebels Reported Marching On Saigon

Saigon, Apr. 1.

Government sources reported two rebel battalions marching on Saigon tonight to reinforce the political enemies of the Prime Minister, Ngo Dinh Diem.

Government reports said that the force of 1,600 fighting men had reached Tan An, 25 miles from the capital.

They said that the rebel chief, General Ba, one of Mr. Diem's political opponents, sent the battalions from his western stronghold to bolster dissident forces of the Binh Xuyen sect already entrenched in Saigon's suburbs.

It was reported that Hoa Hao military commander Tran Van Soai asked for help from Western Cochinchina which General Ba Cut, already has cut off from Saigon.

En route the battalions ambushed an armed National Army truck in the Sadek area, the reports said, but information on casualties was lacking.

General Soai was believed to have asked for the troops to support the Binh Xuyen sect entrenched in the Saigon suburbs in defiance of the Nationalist Army.

All through the country west of Saigon, General Ba Cut's troops increased their pressure on beleaguered Saigon, where 2,000,000 persons are threatened with dwindling food supplies.

Commandos of his 10,000-man army have already cut off Saigon's road and waterway communication with Western Cochinchina and the rice growing Mekong River delta.

It was a new danger to the American-backed Mr. Diem who remained master of Saigon for the moment.—United Press.

## AIRMEN BOYCOTT FOOD

Nairobi, April, 1.

Nearly 800 Royal Air Force men stationed at Eastleigh—Kenya's main air base, four miles from here—staged a mass food boycott today as a protest against "food unfit for dogs."

The airmen attended breakfast because it is a chargeable offence to miss what is called "the Queen's first parade."

But they ate their midday meal and supper in Nairobi cafes and camp canteens.

The airmen's mess, normally crowded at all meal-times, was silent and deserted all day.

Today's food demonstration is the second in six months.

Last October when the then Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, left the airfield to return to London a painted notice appeared on the main headquarters building saying: "We want food that's fit to eat."

But Mr. Lennox-Boyd did not see the sign before he left.—Reuters.

## Hongkong Man Acquitted

Calcutta, Apr. 1.

The Calcutta High Court today acquitted A.A. Watson, a British resident of Hongkong, on charges of organising the smuggling of gold bars into Calcutta last May.

Watson, appealed against a sentence of a lower court which had given him a year's imprisonment and fined him 50,000 rupees last September. He was arrested and tried after a ship's engineer had told customs officials that gold found hidden under his cabin bunk had been put there by Watson.

Watson was arrested at Dum Dum airport here while returning to Hongkong with his bride after honeymooning in England.—France-Press.

## Troops Prepare To Attack Algerian Outlaws

Algiers, Apr. 1.

French security forces, police and regular army troops in Algeria rushed final preparations today for an all-out offensive against Nationalist outlaws, expected to start in the next few days.

The "state of urgency" which the French National Assembly authorised for Algeria early today will be proclaimed in Algeria in the first part of next week, French sources said. It will be the signal for a vast push against the outlaw "Army of God" which has terrorised the Aures and Kabylie Mountains of Algeria since last November.

In Paris, the Interior Committee today adopted the "state of urgency" projects without modification, clearing the way for rapid Senate approval of the measures.

A "state of urgency" is legally somewhere between ordinary civil law and martial law under "urgency" conditions. The local authorities are empowered to censor news and press reports, forbid public meetings, close theatres and set up military tribunals to deal out swift justice to outlaws.

### BANDIT DANGER

Travel along roads in the Aures Mountain area is by military convoy three times a week. Lone cars or pedestrians run the danger of a bandit ambush.

French officials reported that local Algerians faithful to France were subjected to looting and in some cases mutilation by the fellagha groups.

The French Governor General in Algeria, Jacques Soustelle, today commented on the state of urgency.

"The simple duty of all democratic authority is to guard against murder and armed acts of pillage and vandalism. It is pacification and not blind repression which the Republic intends to carry out," he said.

In French Army barracks in Eastern Algeria the order was given to prepare for early action against the outlaws.—United Press.

## Newspaper Strike Talks Deadlocked

London, Apr. 1.

Negotiations between management and labour, which have been going on all day in an attempt to end the British newspaper strike, finished tonight in deadlock, with the employers refusing to grant any increase in pay to the striking maintenance men.

This is now the second week that Britain has been without her large-circulation national daily and Sunday papers.

Frank Haxell, chief of the strikers, said here tonight that the strikers today told the employers, headed by press magnate Viscount Rothermere of the Daily Mail that they would be prepared to go back to work if the employers were prepared to accept free negotiations.

He said that the Ministry of Labour had agreed to set up a committee of enquiry for this purpose, but alleged that the employers had refused to consider any increase in pay to maintenance men on the grounds that this would lead to demands for pay increases by other sections of newspaper employees.—France-Press.

## Peshawar Demonstration

Peshawar, Apr. 1.

More than 20 policemen and 40 civilians were injured here today in a clash between the police and demonstrators.

The demonstrators, who included North-west Frontier tribesmen and Afghan refugees belonging to the Afghan Democratic Front, broke through a police cordon several times before being overpowered. Fifteen demonstrators were arrested while trying to force their way into the Afghan consulate here. The indignant crowd was several times beaten and clubbed to prevent its forcing an entrance into the consular office building. Earlier, a large meeting of different parties condemned the Afghan raid last Wednesday on the Pakistani Embassy at Kabul and demanded breaking off diplomatic relations between Pakistan and Afghanistan.—France-Press.

### Austrian Treaty

## "Big Three" Oppose Neutrality Condition

London, April, 1.

The "Big Three" Western powers are opposed to Russia's demand to impose neutrality on Austria as a condition for a state treaty ending the 10-year occupation of the country, diplomatic sources here said today.

They said agreement on this point had already emerged from Western consultations, undertaken during the past week, on preparing an approach to Russia for four other talks.

The Western powers are expected to bring it into a tripartite declaration on Austria to be issued before Herr Julius Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, visits Moscow.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are the highlights of today's feature section:

P. 6: Did Cook Ever Reach the North Pole? By Julian Symonds.

P. 7: The Faith Healers in Hongkong, by Tony Motin. Signs of a Crisis in Red China, by Wilfred Ryder.

P. 8: Saturday Short Story, "Drim Rummy" by George Redshaw. Report on Indonesia by Seton Delmer.

P. 9: Week-end Woman's sense.

P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter's column.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

The Soviet government has recently indicated that Austrian neutrality and firm provisions against any future Anschluss (union with Germany) are the two main points on which it wants satisfaction before signing the treaty.

Britain, France and the United States would be willing to strengthen the provisions in the state treaty against a possible Anschluss though they consider that in fact the treaty's terms are quite sufficient.

On the neutrality issue, they would have no objection to the Austrian government undertaking to stay out of any military alliances. They do not feel, however, that four-power insistence on Austrian neutrality would be compatible with the sovereignty and freedom promised at the wartime Moscow conference.

In the Western view, there was no reason why neutrality should be forced on Austria, which did not even take part in the Second World War as a sovereign state.—Reuters.

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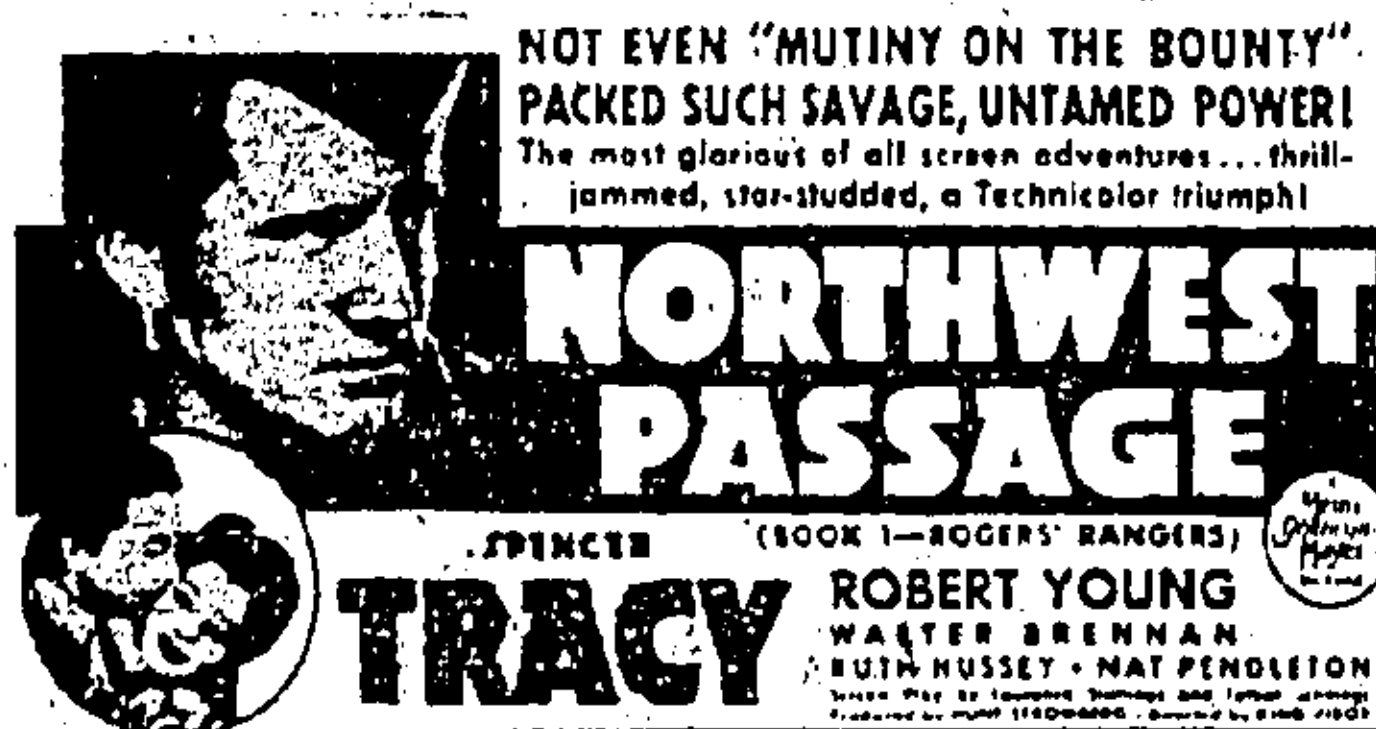
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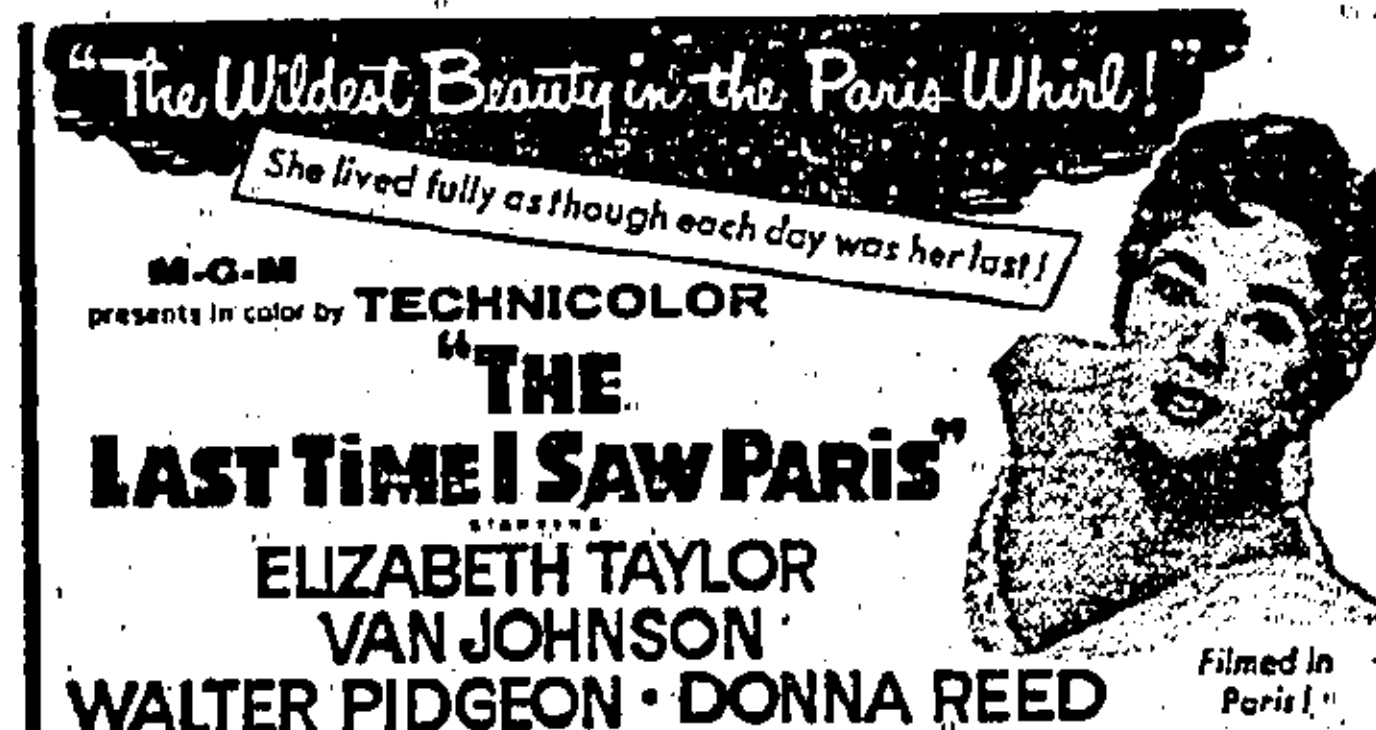
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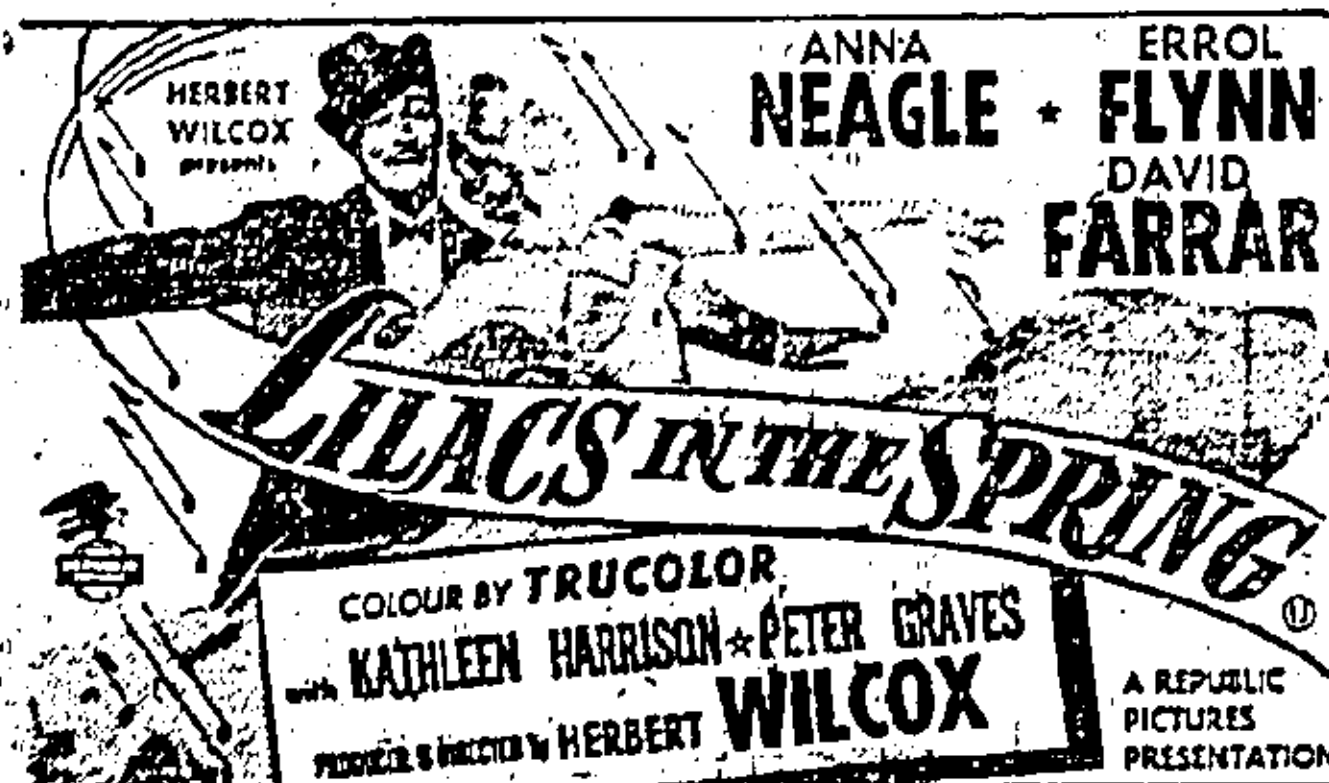


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# FILMS - CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE: "The Desperado". A western showing what happens when gunmen fall out. Wayne Morris and James Lydon.  
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Northwest Passage". Pioneering days in North America. Spencer Tracy and Robert Young.  
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Lady Balsam's Conquest". A Chinese picture starring Li Li Hwa.  
LEE: "S.O.S. Sahara". An adventure story in French with English subtitles. Erich von Stroheim, Jean Claude Pausale and Gianna Maria Canale.  
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Lilacs in the Spring". A screen version of the stage musical. The Glorious Days. Anna Neagle, Errol Flynn and David Farrar.  
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Saratoga Trunk". An adventure and a rambler too nice to carry their schemes through to their logical conclusion in the New Orleans and Saratoga of the 19th century. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper.  
RONY and BROADWAY: "The Americano". A western, South American style, with Abbe Lane doing Spanish dances the Hollywood way.

COMING

EMPIRE: "Woman in the Window". A thriller with an unexpected climax. Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett and Raymond Massey.  
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Last Time I Saw Paris". Sentimental, yet difficult to resist. Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor, Donna Reed and Walter Pidgeon.  
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Sign of the Parrot". Alleged incidents in the life of Atilla the Hun. Jack Palance, Jeff Chandler, Ludmilla Tcherna and Rita Gam.  
LEE: "Prelude to a La Gloire". A French picture based on the life of the ten-year-old conductor, Roberto Benzi.  
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Johnny The Giant Killer". A full length cartoon.  
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Indiscretion of an American Wife". A comedy in which two lovers say their final goodbye. Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift.  
"The Silver Chalice". The trials and tribulations of the early Christians in CinemaScope and WarnerColor. Jack Palance, Virginia Mayo and Pier Angeli.

## A MOLEHILL

Just when a grain of irritation begins to make itself felt at the magnification of a mole hill into a mountain, pity is again aroused by the attitude of the station police. There's something horribly slimy about the curiosity of the railway workers when the unfortunate pair are hounded out of a stationary carriage into which they've gone to try to snatch a few moments alone together. The policeman who has seen them enter it, instead of warning them, brings a whole army of police back with him to prefer what are usually referred to as "grave charges". The shame and degradation resulting from a comparatively innocent action fills one with a horror all the more real when one reflects on the feelings of the bystanders which range from indifference through disgust and relish to direct enmity.

The producer and director (Vittorio De Sica) is as important as the two principals in this picture - his unmistakable hand is evident in every shot. As a curtain raiser, there is a short film of Patti Page singing two songs connected with the film, "Autumn in Rome" and "Indiscretion". The former has a haunting sadness with better lyrics than "Indiscretion", but the latter will probably prove more popular.

When an outlaw comes out of hiding to testify in the defence of a temporary partner, thereby running the risk of retribution for his past misdeeds, he automatically becomes a hero, wiping out with one blow the memory of his previous failings. At least, that is what often happens in a western. Wayne Morris gets the whitewashing in "The Desperado" when he comes to the help of baby-faced James Lydon, about to be convicted for a murder committed by a man he believes to be a friend.

Action is the keynote of "The Desperado" with plenty of all the western trademarks; two-timers, guns, horses and sheriff's possees.

## WHAT AN ACTOR!

How good it is to see Erich von Stroheim again. In "S.O.S. Sahara" he obviously enjoys every theatrical minute of his performance, savouring each menacing word, emphasising the more sardonic by a dramatic pause and a job of his pudgy finger.

What an actor the man is! And what a pity that with all

his potentialities it has been found necessary, for the sake of the picture, to turn him into a brilliant but posturing little German Colonel with delusions of grandeur.

"S.O.S. Sahara" is quite a good modern adventure story set in Morocco, with the action alternating between the towns of Marrakesh and the desert, rather sketchily referred to as "the south". The photography - or rather the colour (the photography itself is a little unimaginative) is beautiful and the cameraman is at his best when taking long shots of the desert and the rolling Atlas mountains in all the subtlety of Gevelour.

There's an excellent opening building up the interest from the start. Two dashing-looking legionnaires en route to the coast to pick up the boat carrying them back to France for some long-awaited leave, run into trouble on a lonely desert road. They have just succeeded in getting their jeep in working order after a break-down, when a first saloon car roars past them, while they are expressing surprise at such a sign of luxury in so lonely a region, bullets smash through their windscreen, the other car careers off the road and on inspection discloses two occupants, one dead and the other, a woman, (and beautiful, naturally) in a deep faint. While one is recovering from the impact of all this activity in a wasteland, hundreds of miles from civilisation, a parachute floats down from the sky, its occupant living only long enough to breathe a few words about a green ray to the south.

We next find ourselves at Army Headquarters where our two legionnaires are being questioned and cautioned, (a) not to tell a soul of their adventure and (b) to forget it. The rapid switching from place to place and from situation to situation in this picture is sometimes confusing. It is possible to catch a lot of action in this way, but it's a pity the old fashioned melodrama and the start that starts "meanwhile, leaving our two heroes struggling on the battlements of

the secret city, we return to our nerves, bored and sagged in the veins". Unfortunately even the linking explanation is denied us in the picture.

The plot gets a little involved half way through but what adventure story doesn't? There's an absence of overacting, plenty of excitement and dash, and the locale, (some of it the interior of Morocco opposite the Canary Islands) will be new to Chinese and British audiences. It has an atmosphere about it that is realistic and stimulating.

This house of Pierre Balmaitre has dressed Gianna Maria Canale for her role in "S.O.S. Sahara" - quite a difficult task, judging from the amount of weight she has put on since her appearance as "Theodora, Empress of Byzantium". Her face, however, is as beautiful as ever and she seems quite a competent dancer in her two ballet scenes.

## COOPER RETURNS

Somebody should tell Gary Cooper that now would be a good time to pay Hongkong a visit. We're having one after the other of his old films here and a personal appearance might whip up enough interest to justify exhibiting a few more. "Saratoga Trunk" is the latest to hit us, in which he is paired with a pre-Rossellini Ingrid Bergman. She has a frustrating time in this picture, as Gary Cooper doesn't fall for her charms with as much alacrity as she feels she has a reason to expect. It is a very gay Ingrid we see; pre-coactive, proud too, and very very lovely. As a high spirited Creole girl dedicated to making New Orleans society pay for the slights it inflicted on her mother she is chaperoned, bullied and babbled by a nurse, under the tutelage, ear rings, and stained skin, of whom we see the features of our own Flora Robson.

Nine years after having seen it for the first time it has lost none of its holding power. Nor, for me, has the revulsion of feeling towards the ever present dwarf in the picture diminished - but that's a matter of taste.

Cooper is as his fans love him: a baffling personality belying by his expression and mannerisms the taciturnity of his dialogue, always indicating that there's more beneath the surface than meets the eye.

## LIGHT-HEARTED

As light-hearted entertainment that doesn't mislead with any grandiose pretensions "Lilacs in the Spring" succeeds perfectly. It doesn't set out to be a Hollywood musical with revolving stages, enormous production numbers and hordes of beautiful chorus honeys ranging from ash blonde to darkest brunette; instead it makes do with one blonde in four roles, two of which she plays in a red velvet, but very clear to the hearts of British audiences and an obvious trouper from top to toe.

It's difficult to imagine Anna Neagle being anything other than a hard working, down to earth English girl with a friendly grin for everyone from the taxi-driver to the producer and a disconcerting tendency to say "Whoops dearie" when she should be acting with regal decorum. That is probably why she is least convincing in her Queen Victoria sequence.

As Nell Gwynn however, with a cockney accent and a cheeky disregard for the royal dignity of Charles, the Merry Monarch, she fairly bubbles over with exuberance, expressing it all in a tarantella executed to one of the Nell Gwynn Dances.

The nearest she comes to judging herself is as the successful actress in the times immediately following the 1914-1918 war. Feted and spoiled, sure of the position for which she has worked so hard, she quite honestly believes in her own all-conquering talent and refuses to follow her husband to Hollywood where he feels their joint future lies.

(Continued on Page 17 Col. 5)

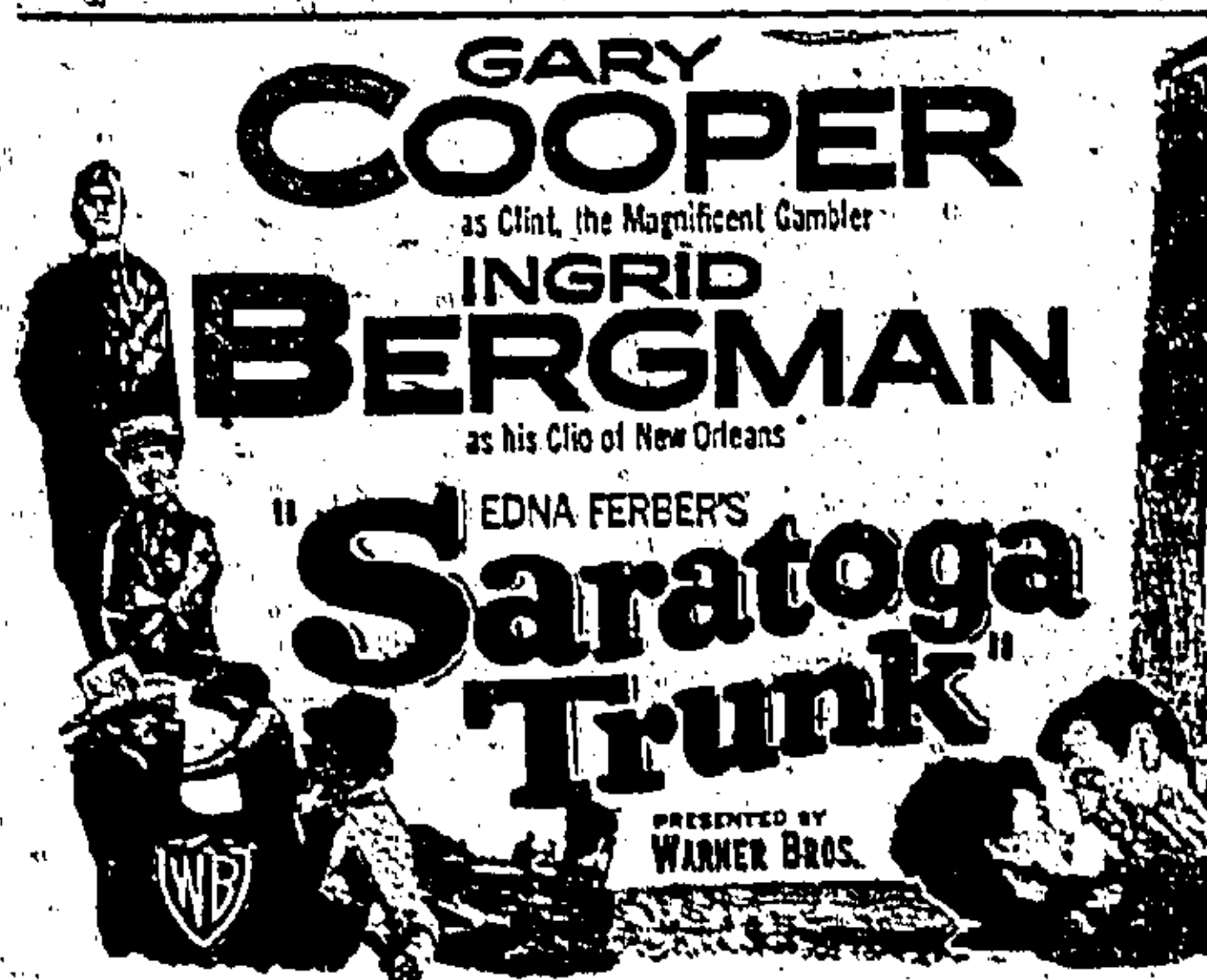
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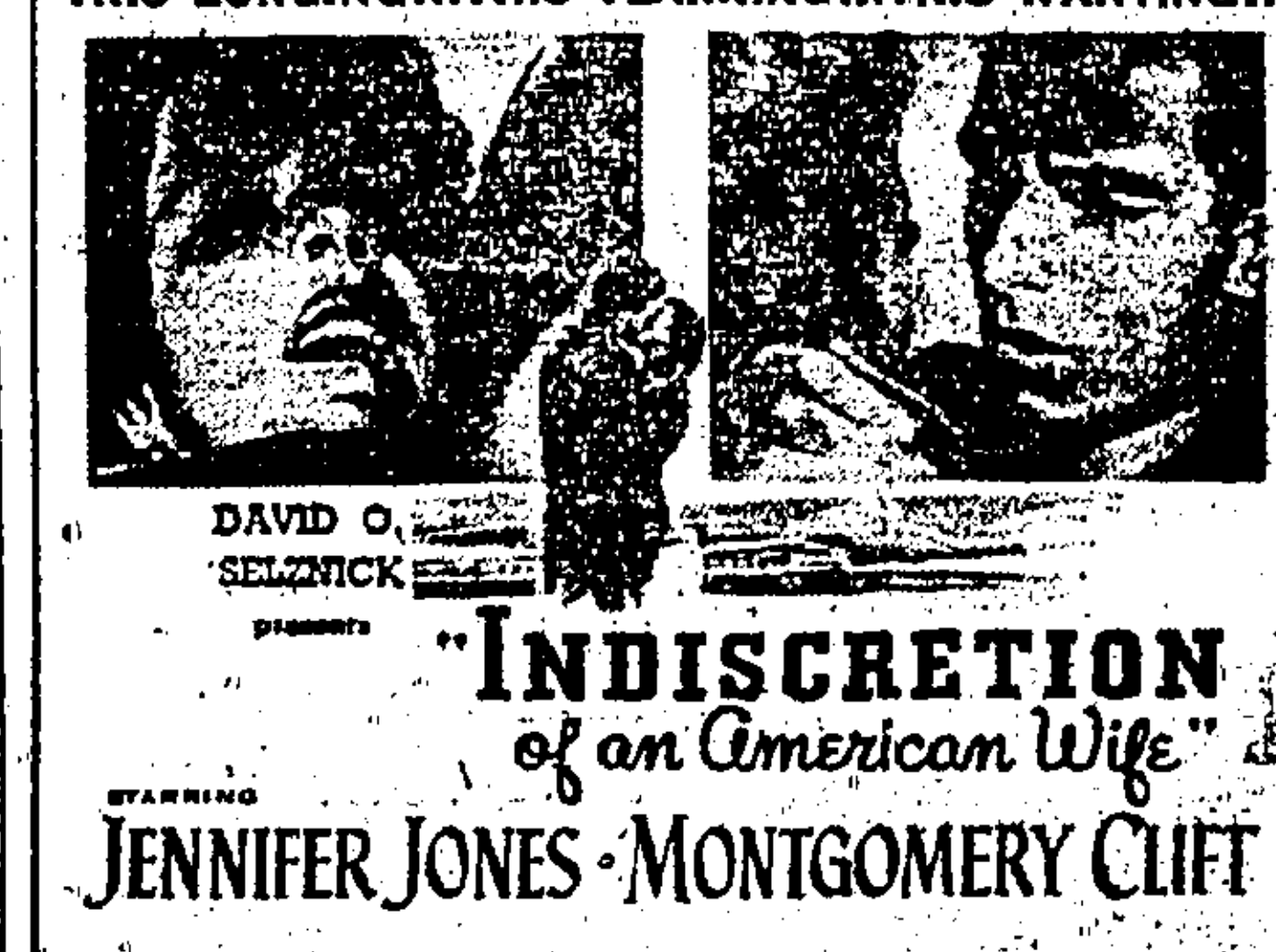
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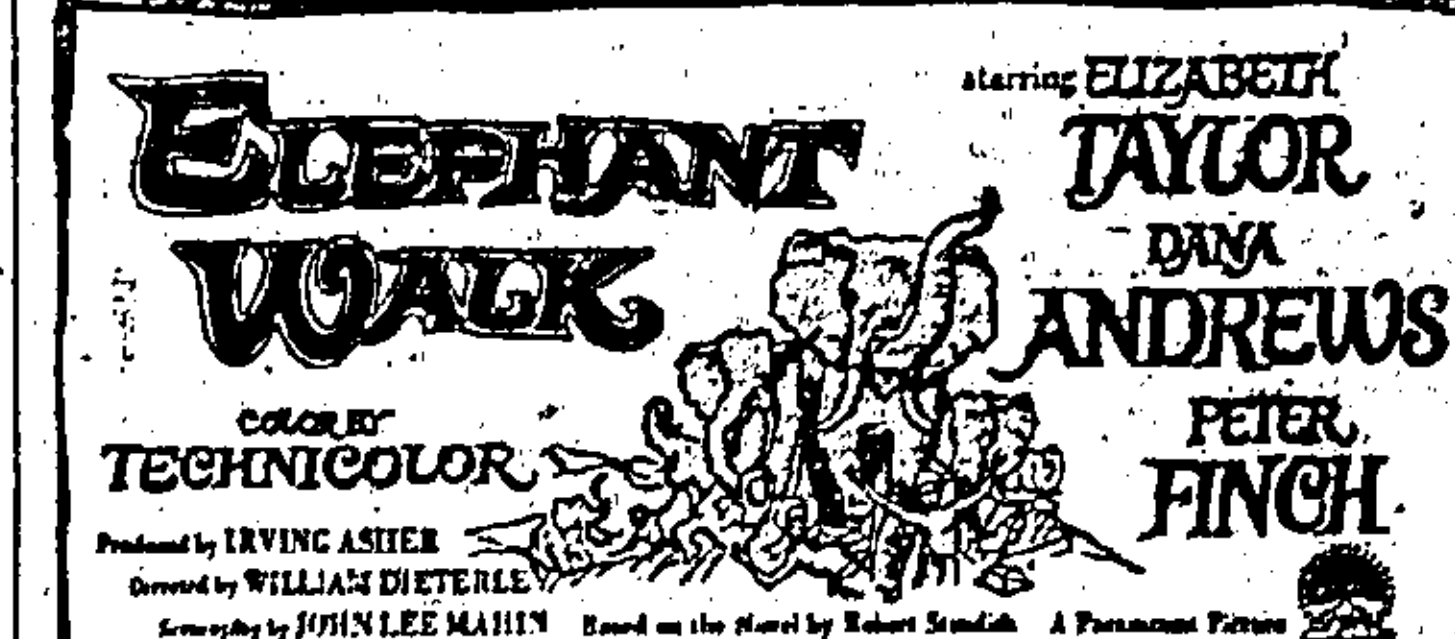


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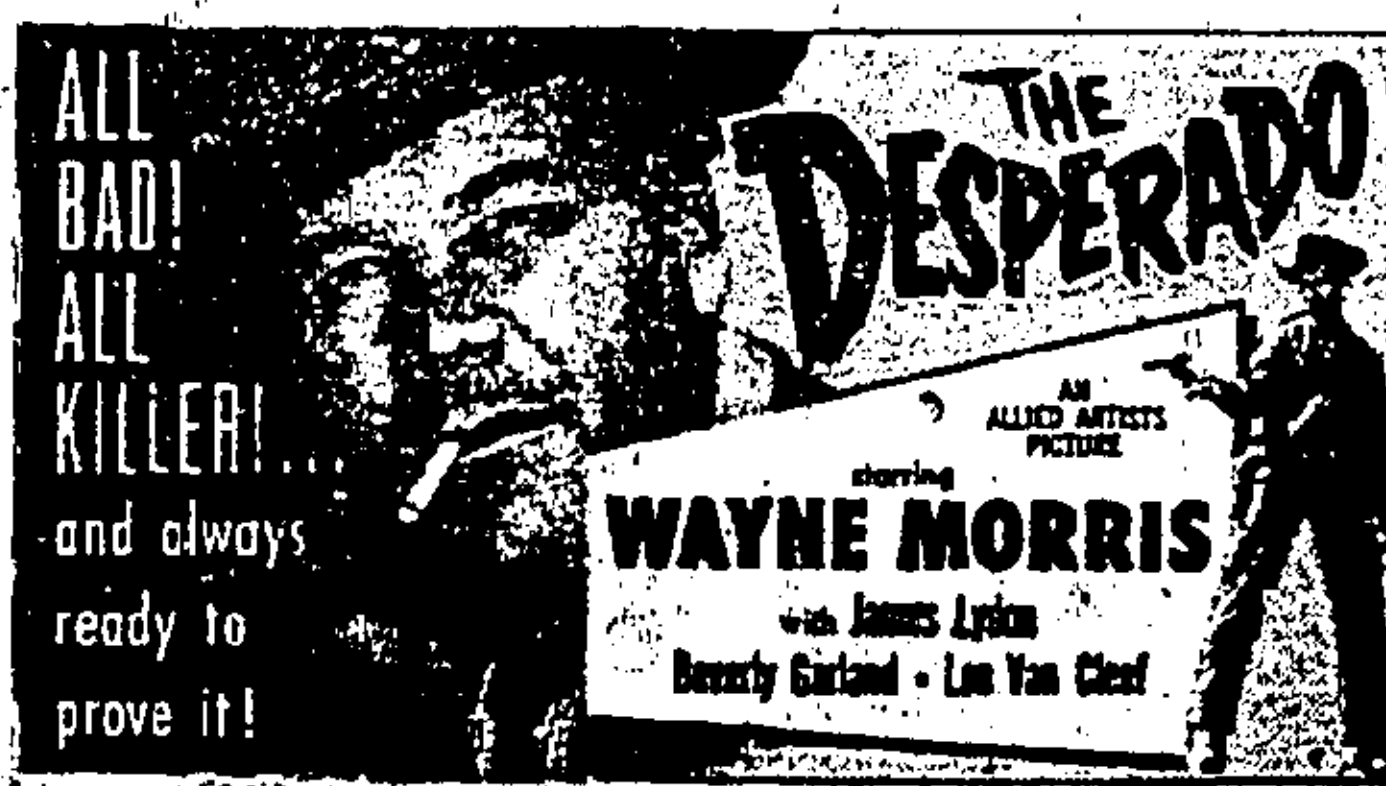
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"EVERYMAN" at the College.
- April 11th, 12th Kai Tak Players  
"QUEEN ELIZABETH SLEPT HERE" at the Missions  
to Seamen.
- April 14th, 15th, 16th, H.K. Stage Club  
"THE RIVALS" at the China Fleet Club.
- April 16th King's College  
"INFANTICIDE" (in Cantonese) at the College
- April 17th St. John's Sunday School  
"CHILDREN FROM GALILEE" at the Cathedral.
- April 18th, 19th Linden Players  
"WHILE THE SUN SHINES" at the Missions to  
Seamen.
- April 21st, 22nd, 23rd Sino-British Club  
"SORROWS OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY"  
(in Mandarin)
- April 22nd, 23rd Garrison Players  
"RELATIVE VALUES" at the Missions to Seamen.
- April 22nd, 23rd, 24th Sino-British Club  
"DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER"  
(in Cantonese) at Queen's College.

## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

### HOW WILL THE BRITISH TAKE COMMERCIAL TV?

London.

Commercial television makes its first appearance in England this summer, and advertising men are already worried about how the average Englishman will feel about inviting a salesman into his living room.

Many British people have never been exposed to a radio or television sales talk before. The BBC protected them from this innovation of the new world until it became clear that only with the aid of sponsors could Britain have more than one TV channel.

The BBC will continue its unsponsored broadcasts paid for out of revenue from television set licences. But new stations will carry commercials, and this is raising the question of just what kind of sales talk the British will accept.

One of the advertising men whose brow has developed a permanent furrow over this problem is Mr Stanley Maxted, a famous Canadian broadcaster in his time.

Many British people have never been exposed to a radio or television sales talk before. The BBC protected them from this innovation of the new world until it became clear that only with the aid of sponsors could Britain have more than one TV channel.

"Americans have to be sold. You need hard, urgent salesmanship over there," Mr Maxted said. "But the Englishman in his living room is a different proposition. He doesn't like to be shoved around. Our approach will be softer, more on the lines of suggesting things to buy."

"Fear" advertising is banned. No announcer can wrap a stethoscope around his neck and pretend to be a doctor. Beer and whisky concerns can advertise, but while gambling is legal in Britain, football pools and book-makers cannot.—United Press.

### "Take No Chances"

Under the law authorising commercial TV, advertising agencies make up commercials and producing firms make up programmes and, it is ordained, never the twain shall meet.

Mr Maxted believes critics of commercial TV are waiting to

### Women Drivers Take The Front Seat

Chicago.

Women used to be back seat drivers, and quite a problem, but today about 20,000,000 of them are driving in America.

Mr L. Walter Lundell, head of an international car financing firm, said there are many reasons why the old jokes about back seat drivers no longer apply mostly to women "if they ever did."

His figures show there are 6,000,000 more women drivers now than before World War II.

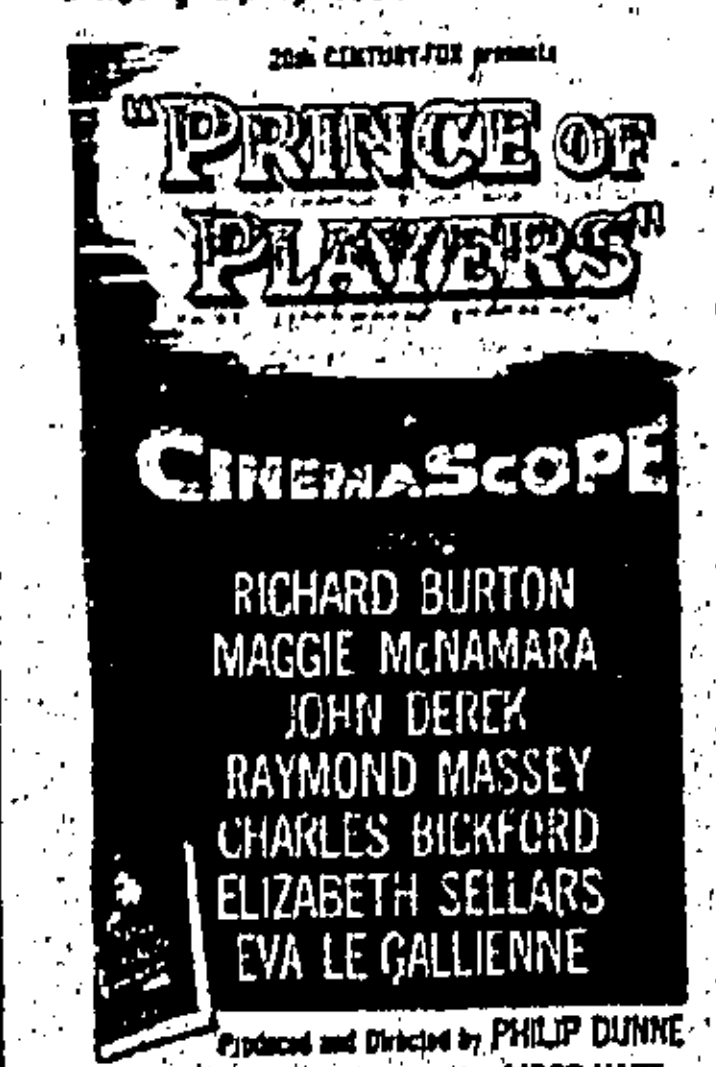
Mr Lundell, who is the President of the Universal City Credit Corporation, said the main factors behind the increase are "increasing equality of the sexes and the mechanical reliability of modern cars."

The last World War, he said, increased the freedom of women and their assumption of responsibility "and it's been hard to keep some of them in a one-car family ever since."

"Power steering, automatic transmission and other features which make driving easier have also played a large part," he said.

"Many insurance companies today rate young women as much better risks than young men because they don't try to show off behind the wheel," Mr Lundell added.

### MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY  
at 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Sunday Morning Show At 12.30  
Paramount presents  
"THE GREAT MISSOURI  
RAID"  
starring Wendell Corey  
Macdonald Carey · Ward Bond  
Color by Technicolor  
At Reduced Prices

### SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"This paper says there are more nomads this year than last—what's a nomad?"

### Jazz (But Not Boogie Woogie) Gets The Kremlin's Blessing

Moscow.

Jazz has just received the formal blessing of Russia's top newspaper for young folks, the Komsol Pravda.

The new line taken by this organ of the Young Communists League is that there is no reason why people shouldn't enjoy jazz and dance music that is "lively and merry."

But the blessing had its reservations which suggested that

the men of the Kremlin frowned on Boogie Woogie. "The instruments should not scream in reason," said Komsol Pravda. "This is bad."

The paper printed an article by V. Gorodinsky, headed "To Know and Love Music." Gorodinsky answered questions from readers about light music and dance music.

"Like A Lunatic"

He said there was nothing to "prevent" jazz tone qualities. After all, he said, the saxophone was invented by the French master Adolphe Sax in 1846 and the banjo used in jazz was an American Negro folk instrument with a "wallaw" clear ring.

But Gorodinsky rapped the "jazz technique of playing." For example: "The saxophone is beautiful and full voiced when it sings," he said, "but when it starts laughing hysterically in a jazz manner it is terrifying, like an owl hooting in the forest, the screaming laugh of a lunatic."

"What good is there in that?"

Then follows the strongest hint to date to young Russians that jazz isn't snail. "However, why should we reject the rhythmical inventiveness of jazz?" said Komsol Pravda. "Why should we reject all the dance-worthy elements of jazz? It would be a sin to reject the Argentine and Mexican songs and dances, the rich and varied Brazilian songs just because they are used in dance music."

Gorodinsky said the yardstick of such music should be whether

it produces "real liveliness and true excitement." So the day may not be far off when Soviet citizens will dance the Samba and the Mambo from Estonia to Vladivostok.—United Press.

### Something New In Washing Machines

Ottawa.

A Canadian firm has ordered 30,000 revolutionary new British sonic washing machines. The machines were first shown at the British Trades Fair in London and will bring about a revolution in laundry machines, the manufacturers said.

The "Gnome Vibrator," as the machine is called, looks like a large child's spinning top. It produces 6,000 vibrations a minute which press soap and water through the fabrics, dissolving and removing dirt. The vibrator is not a washing machine in the ordinary sense of the word. Quiet in operation, it may be used in any vessel, sink, washbasin, etc. Clothes are not moved about by it and wear is thereby reduced to a minimum.

Fabrics such as lace, wool and other products which cannot be laundered by ordinary methods are quite safe when the vibrator is used, the manufacturer said.—United Press.



### RCA VICTOR RECORDS

IN ORDER THAT MORE MUSIC WILL BE AVAILABLE TO MORE PEOPLE AT LOWER COST, WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT AS OF APRIL 1, 1955, PRICES ON RCA VICTOR RECORDS WILL BE REDUCED AS FOLLOWS:

#### ON RCA VICTOR LABELS

All 12-inch Long Playing Records	\$24.00
All 10-inch Long Playing Records	18.00
All 45 RPM Extended Play Records	8.50

#### BLUEBIRD SERIES

All 12-inch Long Playing Records	\$18.00
----------------------------------	---------

#### CAMDEN SERIES

All 12-inch Long Playing Records	\$12.00
All 45 RPM Extended Play Records	4.50

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING RECORD STORES

MAITLAND &amp; COMPANY

Authorised Distributors

615/16 Marina House

Telephone 37318

### ROXY & BROADWAY

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



#### TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

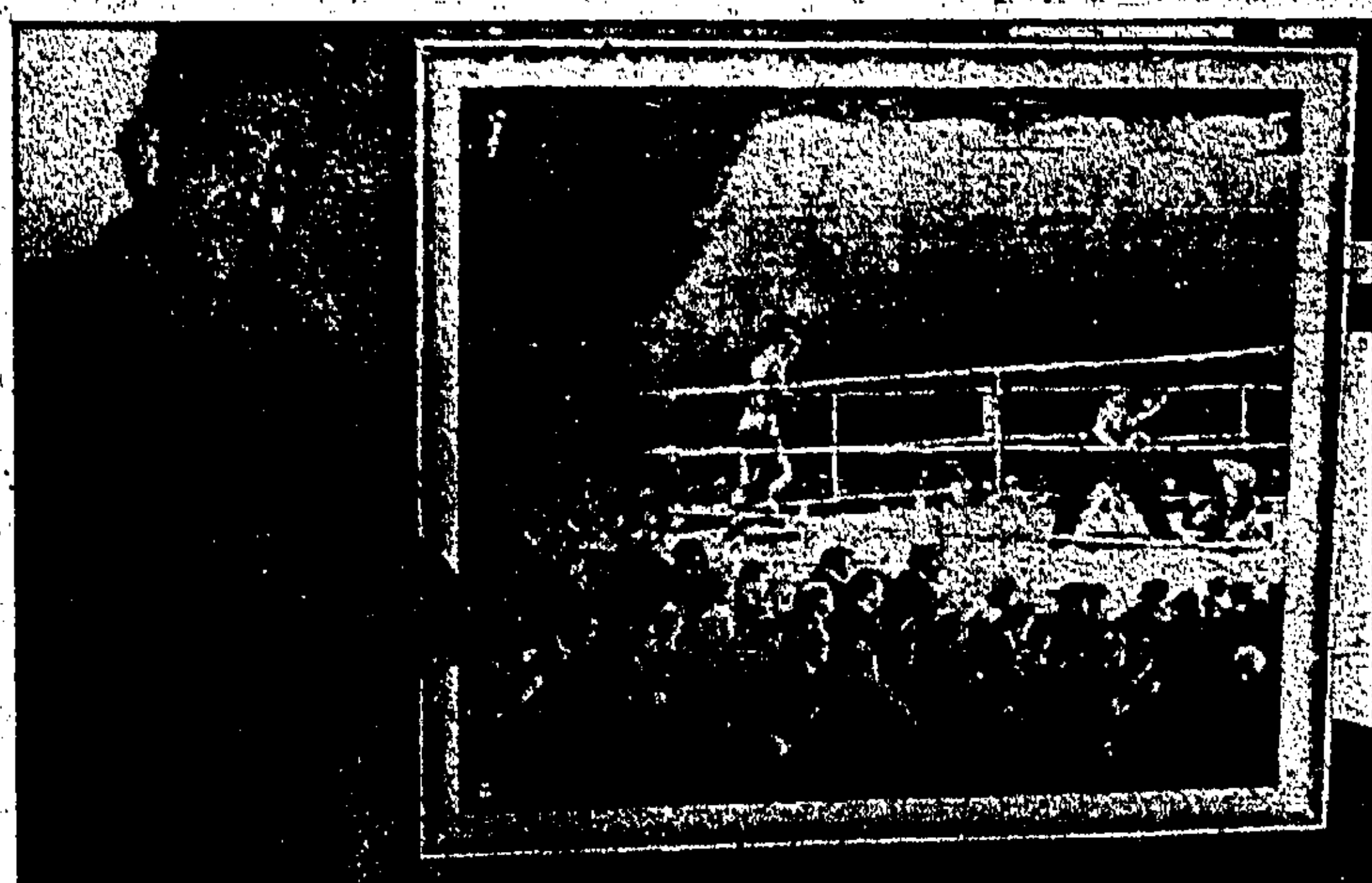
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

A Selected Programme of Technicolor Cartoons  
Presented by 20th Century-Fox

Reduced Admission

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.





THE strangest boxing tip in the history of the fight game has been shown to the Royal Academy by Mr Harry Braithwaite, 57-year-old labourer-artist of Burton-on-Trent. He has painted a picture of world heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano trying to rise after being knocked down by Britain's Don Cockell. The night takes place at San Francisco in May. Mr Braithwaite, an ex-boxer, honestly believes Cockell will win. (Express)

LEFT: Sir Richard Acland, Labour MP for Gravesend, at home with his wife. Following his decision to vote against the hydrogen bomb in opposition to the official Labour line, he has decided to resign his seat and seek re-election as an Independent. (Express)



COLONEL Hubert Julian—"Call me Black Eagle"—6 ft. 2 in. former chief of Abyssinia's air force and now engaged in the purchase and sale of surplus war supplies, has protested in London against the decision of the French authorities in refusing him entry to France. An American citizen now, he estimates he has been at least 150 times to France since the 1920's. (Express)



MONTHS behind in sowing because of snow, farmers all over England are working by headlamps and floodlights far into the night. This picture was taken at Northease Farm, near Lewes, Sussex, and shows some of the workers pausing for a drink between sowing. (Express)

## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



VETERAN cars about to set off to "liberate" Hastings again with Guardsmen as passengers once more. A re-enactment of the very first motor convoy in England, organised by the Automobile Association in 1909. At the head of this column is a 1904 James and Brown car, with Mr H. P. Lucas, of Englefield Green, Surrey, at the wheel.



MISS Mary Turner, headmistress of Eight Ash Green Primary School, Essex, seen here with some of her pupils, has had two "learning games" accepted by Buckingham Palace for Prince Charles and Princess Anne. These games, involving the use of cards with spots, numbers and pictures, help children to learn sums and words. (Express)



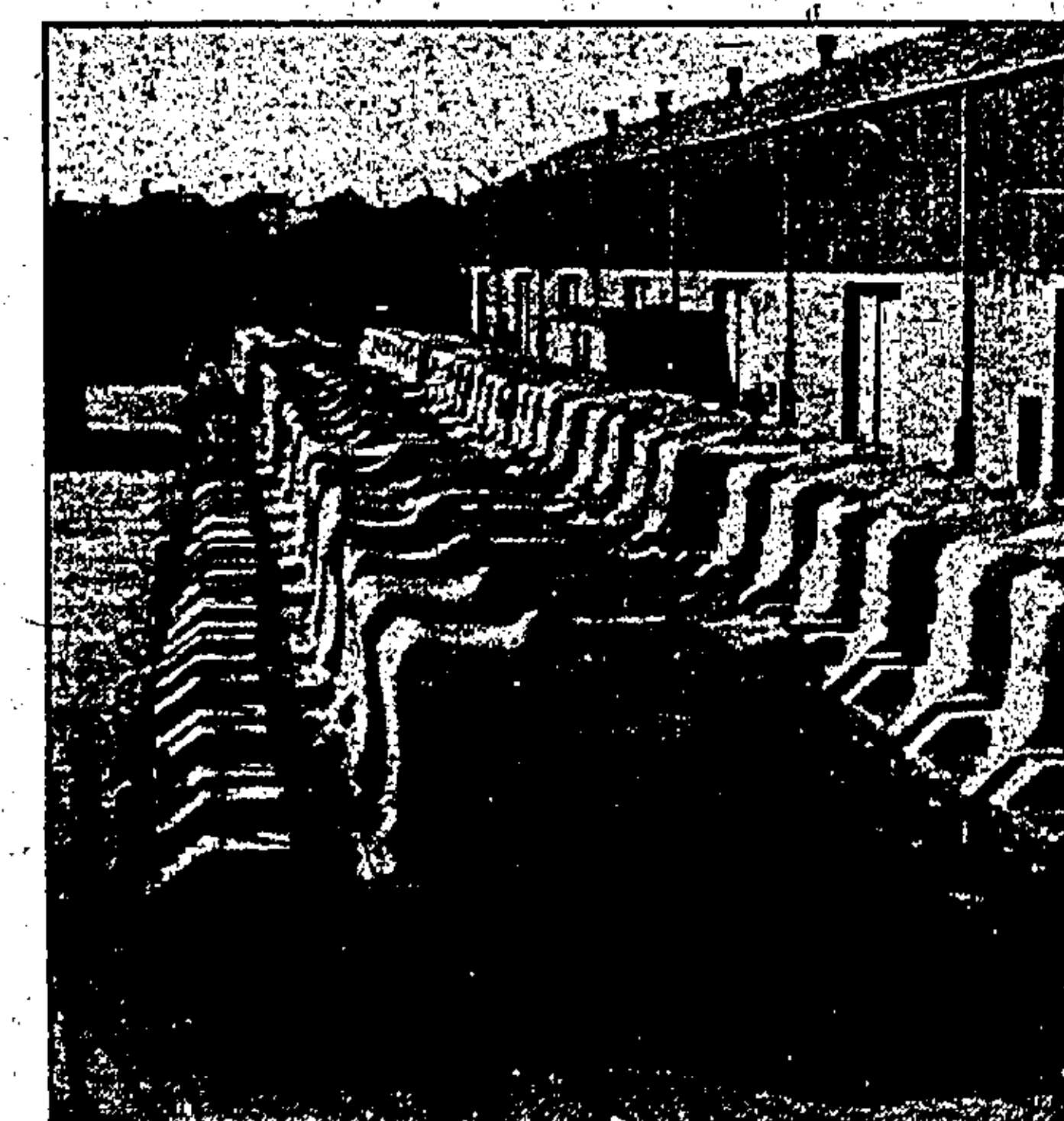
GERMAN actress Cornell Borgers with the plaque awarded to her in London as the best foreign actress of 1954. She received her award for her work in the film, "The Divided Heart." (Express)



CLAIMING to have cycled 295,000 miles since 1932, James Frederick "Paddy" Irwin paddled into London last week at the end of his latest jaunt, during which he crossed the Sahara Desert and most of the African continent down through Kenya to Northern Rhodesia. Dublin-born Paddy, aged 42, stopped to do odd jobs here and there. (Express)



MRS Peter Blaker has left London for New York to visit her parents, Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's chief United Nations delegate, and Lady Dixon, before setting off for Phnom Penh, capital of Cambodia, where her husband will have his first diplomatic posting in June. Mr Peter Blaker is the son of the Hon. Cedric Blaker of Hongkong. (Express)



AT the Central Ordnance Depot at Donnington, large stocks of technical stores such as guns and wireless and engineering equipment are being carefully preserved against the Army's future requirements. Picture shows trailer-mounted generators cocooned in a protective plastic coating. (Army News)



MEMORIES of the most dramatic marathon of all time, the 1954 Empire Games race, were revived with the presentation to Jim Peters of a special trophy commemorating his gallant failure. The award, a Badge of Courage, sponsored by the Daily Express, was presented to Peters by Mr Arthur Christiansen, editor of the paper. (Express)

### NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY  
BOX  
MILK  
CHOCOLATE



## William Hickey Uncle Fred Goes Hungry

London.  
"YOU have the great advantage over me," said Lord Woolton "of having had lunch."  
It was nearly two o'clock and he had just arrived at a meeting which had been preceded by a buffet lunch.  
It was Sir Winston's fault, I'm afraid, that Lord Woolton went hungry.  
There had been a Cabinet meeting and it had lasted longer than expected.  
I'm sure that in this case hunger had not been used as a weapon to obtain agreement.  
But I have heard of board meetings and conferences where the approach of lunch-time has done wonders.  
Men who have held out resolutely against an item on the agenda wilt when the clock shows half-past one.

### Strategy!

I remember hearing about one post-war conference between the British and the Russians when the Foreign Office men guarded carefully against the temptation of thirst and hunger.

The Russians, in previous conferences had shown remarkable powers of endurance. And it was felt that it had helped them get their own way.

But this time the British stored sandwiches and a flask in a place not normally equipped with victuals. I am told the plan had quite a success.

Still, Lord Woolton looked very well. And I thought it was good of him to come to the meeting because a deputy chairman, Mrs Henry Brooke, had stepped into his place.

### Incident

But the subject was one to interest Lord Woolton. Robert McKenzie, a Canadian scholar, was giving a talk on his book, "British Political Parties."

And "Uncle Fred" Woolton, as chairman of the Tory Party, knows as much as anybody how it really works.

To prove his point that the Tory annual conference is a democratic affair he reminded us of the famous incident at Blackpool when the leaders had to accept an increase in the housing target from 200,000 to 300,000.  
"I accepted that," Woolton said firmly. Then he smiled.  
"I was afraid that in two minutes it might have gone up to 400,000."

### Surprise!

McKenzie was very bright. Here are some of the facts I shall remember:

In the last century the Tory Party at one time was spending £1 17s 6d per Tory vote cast. In present-day values that would be about £15. By 1951 only 1s 6d was spent per vote.  
"In the Tory Party," said McKenzie, "cannibalism is not unknown in high places."  
It must have momentarily surprised poor, hungry Lord Woolton when he heard that one.

It would be dreadful to think that during a long Cabinet meeting the more fleshy of the members were eyed hungrily.

But McKenzie's "cannibalism" was only a reference to the habit of the Tories of getting rid of leaders they didn't like.  
And I had heard before Balfour's remark that he would as soon take advice from his valet as from the party organisation. Balfour—ever the elegant, courteous gentleman—did add that he would listen to them both with respect—but

### Flattery

A FOOTNOTE to the Bangkok conference which Sir Anthony Eden attended like it seems that in Siam there is a traditional colour for each day of the week.

Every evening each delegate—including the Foreign Secretary—would find in his hotel room a pair of silk pyjamas of the correct colour, a pair of slippers of the same shade, and a packet of his favourite cigarettes.

It was just part of his Siam service.



"Florrie—did you say that as it is Mothers' Day your husband was going to cook lunch while you had a game?"  
London Express Service

## THE LOVE AFFAIR THAT AN EMPEROR TRIED TO HUSH UP . . . ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

THE news reached Vienna within a few hours.

The first hint that something was seriously wrong came when the Emperor's aide-de-camp rushed into the courtyard of the

But it was with the motives of the lovers that three generations of writers, dramatists, and film-makers have played so freely. They have always been shown as driven to a suicide pact by an overriding passion and because they could not face separation.

I, too, believed this version.



The shooting lodge at Mayerling.

# MYSTERY AT MAYERLING

By FELIX BARKER

Imperial Palace and ordered the band to stop playing. Meyerbeer's overture to "The Huguenots" petered out in perplexed discords.

Count Hoyos was the bearer of the ill-tidings. Over frozen roads he had raced by coach from Mayerling to Baden and there had stopped the express from Trieste so that he could get quickly to Vienna.

When he reached the palace there was a flurry of backstairs discussion among the royal officials about who should break the news, and it was decided that first the Empress should be told by her companion secretary, and should in turn inform the Emperor.

So it was that just about midnight on Wednesday, January 30, 1889, Franz Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, heard that his son-in-law to the great feudal Hapsburg empire—was dead.

Four hours earlier the Crown Prince Rudolf had been found in the bedroom of the hunting lodge at Mayerling with his brains blown out. In the bed beside him was the body of a girl.

The first reaction of the Emperor was that everything must be done to hush-up the tragedy. A commission was dispatched to Mayerling with strict instructions. Final letters were to be confiscated. All servants were to be sworn to secrecy.

### MANY LIES

And a special edition of the Wiener Zeitung later that day carried a communique issued on the Emperor's orders:

In the course of this morning His Excellency Count Josef Hoyos arrived from Mayerling to report that His Imperial and Royal Highness, Crown Prince Archduke Rudolf, had died suddenly of heart failure.

That was the first of many lies about Mayerling. And years later when part of the truth emerged legend was to play even stranger tricks with the facts.

Of course, the heart failure story could not be sustained for more than a day or so; there were too many rumors in Vienna about shooting, and while the Court Physician might show tact in the death certificate he would not perjure himself.

until six years ago. Then I learned the real facts about "the greatest romance in history." My informant was Count Carl Lonyay, who was in London in 1948 completing his researches into the whole affair.

A former officer in the Austrian army, a historian, and the nephew of Prince Lonyay (who married Rudolf's widow, Stephanie), Count Lonyay permitted me to spend many hours in his flat in Hallam Street going through all the documents he had assembled from state and family archives.

### FULL STORY

I then felt justified in exploding all the romantic theories and claiming to tell the full and only authentic story for the first time.

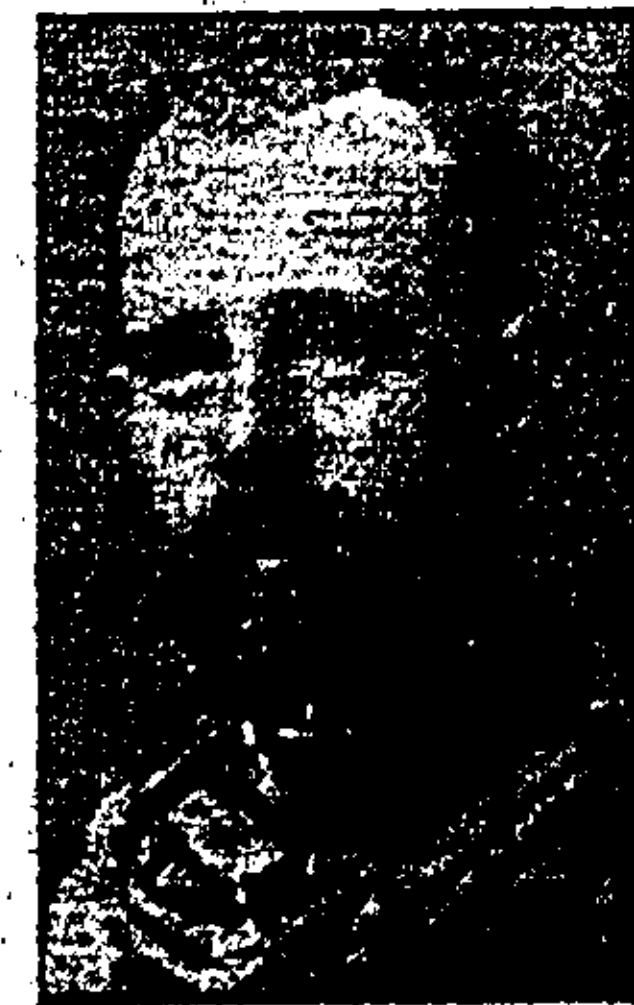
At the time of the Mayerling tragedy Rudolf was just over 30 and for eight years he had been unhappily married to Princess Stephanie of Belgium. He sought solace in a life of dissipation with a large number of women. Among the list of these was Marie Vetsera, a dark, voluptuous girl of 18 with a full figure, tilted nose and sensuous lips. She was the daughter of an official attached to the Austrian Embassy and her mother had brought her to Vienna where she had launched her in the more dissolute section of society.

Legend prefers the romance to have existed for two years, but in fact the two did not meet before the previous November, and were not lovers until Marie Vetsera was smuggled into the Crown Prince's apartments at the palace just 17 days before their deaths.

And—final confusion to the story of a great romance—the night before he left Vienna



Marie Vetsera—a mature beauty at 18; shot dead at 19.



The Crown Prince—sought solace for an unhappy marriage.

Rudolf had spent with a former mistress, Mizzi Kaspar.

It was on Monday, January 28, that Rudolf left Vienna by coach for Mayerling, and on the same day Marie Vetsera also left for the forest hunting lodge. Her presence at Mayerling, however, was not known to Count Hoyos and Prince Coburg (two other guests invited for stag hunting) until the fateful morning of Wednesday.

### ON THE BED

The Crown Prince had asked to be called early with breakfast, but when his valet Loschek came to the door he found it locked. Repeated knocking produced no answer.

Loschek became alarmed, and on the authority of Prince Coburg the door was broken down and he went into the room. A terrible scene confronted him. There, lying bent over the edge of the bed, was his master, the top of his head shot away, a pool of blood on the floor. Marie Vetsera, all colour drained from her lovely face, lay on the right side of the bed. A bullet had entered her left temple.

The horrified valet had only time to note a hand-mirror and a pistol on a small table or chair by Rudolf's side before he rushed out into the ante-room to inform the others.

In the vain hope of concealing Marie Vetsera's presence Franz Joseph ordered two of her uncles to Mayerling; that same night they were to "take her body to the nearby monastery of Heiligenkreuz for burial."

The young girl's body, which throughout the day had been callously left lying naked in a wood-shed, was dressed in a fur coat and a hat was placed on her head to hide the bullet wound. Then, lest any villagers who might be outside, should catch a glimpse through the window, she was propped up on the seat of the carriage between her uncles. As they jolted over the rough, frozen mountain roads the girl often became dislodged and had to be replaced.

At midnight the body was carried to the monastery chapel and placed in a coffin which had already been prepared. There had not been time to dig a grave in the hard ground, so not until the following morning, in a heavy rain and a buffeting wind, was the girl lowered into a lonely, unmarked grave.

### POST-MORTEM

What happened between the time Rudolf went to bed at 9 o'clock on the Tuesday and 8 o'clock the following morning when Loschek broke into the room?

From the evidence assembled by Count Lonyay and a long suppressed post-mortem report we know that Marie Vetsera died about ten hours before Rudolf. That he shot her there can be almost no doubt. She was not left-handed yet the bullet went into the left side of her head. Rudolf himself seems to have spent the rest of the night drinking brandy, the dead girl beside him, summoning up courage for the deed. It was not until 6.30 a.m. that he spoke to Loschek about the early call. Sometimes during the next hour he shot himself with a 12 mm. Service pistol.

About the motives for the tragedy mystery still remains.

Certainly Rudolf had been preoccupied with the idea of suicide ever since his cousin Ludwig of Bavaria had killed himself. Certainly he had told a number of people that he contemplated death, and had even asked one of his fellow officers to commit suicide with him—an honour the officer declined.

### EXTRAORDINARY

But even if we accept this, Marie Vetsera's compliance seems extraordinary. When I asked Count Lonyay if he could solve this final riddle, he did so in one utterly unexpected word—"mobbery."

To die with the Crown Prince of Austria, Count Lonyay believed, was reason enough. In one of her last letters she asked for the honour of being buried with him in the same grave.

It may seem utterly incredible, today, but perhaps such a solution becomes more acceptable if we see her action in its historical perspective and can comprehend the feudal reverence with which the Hapsburgs were regarded. Such an act might be regarded as the fulfilment of the strange girl's special ambition.



## DON'T WASTE WATER

## Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom. Without much hope, the professor asked some divers working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time. It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and sand by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention. It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.



This Rolex Oyster Perpetual is similar to the one in the story. Permanently waterproof in its Oyster Case, it is given perfect accuracy by the Perpetual self-winding "rotor." The Rolex Red Seal identifies every Rolex chronometer.

After seven days beneath the sea, a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, brought up by divers, was found to be still showing the right time. (The original letter of Professor Galati can be inspected at the Rolex office, 18 rue de Marbe, Geneva.)

## ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement.  
ROLEX Chronometer—  
Official Timepiece of Panagra Airlines

**THIS is the Gin...**

...FOR A PERFECT GIN AND TONIC

Undoubtedly the coolest, cleanest drink in the world with a subtle flavour of its very own. Best results are usually obtained by simply mixing Gordon's and tonic water in a good sized glass, add a thin slice of lemon and relax. Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good as a Gordon's Gin and Tonic.

ASK FOR IT BY NAME

**Gordon's**  
Standards Supreme

DISTRIBUTORS: BODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED

The Garrison Players

If you miss the last few seats for our

**Arts Festival Production**  
of  
**"RELATIVE VALUES"**  
By NOEL COWARD  
on 22nd & 23rd APRIL

There will be

**REPEAT PERFORMANCES**  
THURSDAY, 28th & FRIDAY, 29th APRIL  
8.30 p.m. MISSION TO SEAMEN  
BOOKING AT SKINNER'S.



# DID Dr COOK EVER REACH THE POLE?

THE telegram came from Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands: REACHED THE NORTH POLE APRIL 21, 1908. DISCOVERED LAND FAR NORTH. It was signed COOK.

This news stunned the world. It was not merely that something which was thought impossible had been done. The astonishing and incredible thing was that the wrong man had done it.

In 1907 the American explorer Robert Edwin Peary set

Hans Egede brought Cook to Copenhagen. For his tall, fair American, convinced both the experts and the "laymen" who listened to him. Those who came to scoff, with one or two exceptions, remained to cheer.

Cook was modest and very calm about his achievement. He answered questions readily. Accompanied by two Eskimos, he said, he had made long marches—nearly 15 miles a day on the northward run, almost 10 on the southward.

After the first hundred miles the route had been covered with game. They had captured musk oxen, lived on elder ducks and gulls and, of course, on pemmican. He confirmed the date on which he had

received in America. It was sent from Indian Harbour, Labrador, and said: I HAVE THE POLE, APRIL 6, 1908. It was signed PEARY.

This was the start of what was called at the time "the Polar war" between Cook and Peary. Two separate questions were involved in it. First, had Cook reached the Pole? Second, if he had failed, was he an honest but mistaken man or the perpetrator of a gigantic hoax? Opinion was almost equally divided between the two men. In America there was a Peary Arctic Club that supported Peary, and the Arctic Club of America which supported Cook. The Danish explorers Amundsen and Rasmussen expressed their belief in Cook. On the other hand the British Royal

York. In the meantime Peary suddenly announced that he would accept no public honours, and would not dispute Cook's statements.

It seemed that Cook had won his claim to be the first man at the North Pole.

## Embarrassed

BUT as time went by Cook's most ardent supporters were embarrassed by the fact that he did not produce any observations or documents. A man who reaches the North Pole is expected to bring back some positive information. Peary had done so, but Cook dealt in the vague generalities.

He said that he had left all his important notes and instruments with a millionaire sportsman named Harry Whitney, at Etah Camp in Greenland. Whitney confirmed that Cook had left things with him, but said that he had not looked at them. It was extraordinarily careless, to say the least of it, for Cook to leave these things with Whitney for they contained his only proof of reaching the Pole. When Peary reached Etah he refused to take anything belonging to Cook aboard his ship, the Roosevelt. He explained afterwards that if he had taken any papers on board he might have been accused of tampering with them. The things Cook left at Etah were put in boxes and cached in the rocks. They were never recovered.

It slowly became clear that Cook's claim to reach the Pole rested wholly on his personal credit as an explorer. Now, within the course of a few weeks came three revelations which utterly destroyed his reputation.

First, Peary revealed that he had questioned Cook's Eskimo companions. Their statement to him was that they had never left Etah and ventured out on to the Polar ice. Cook's reply to this was that he had sworn the Eskimos to secrecy. Next, Cook's sole companion on the ascent of Mount McKinley, in 1906 said they had never been near the summit, and that Cook had faked the diary which showed that they had reached the peak.

## His book

LAST, a retired navigator and an insurance agent said that they had fabricated for Cook a full set of nautical and astronomical observations such as he would have used on a journey to the Pole.

Cook's friends and supporters denounced these last two "confessions" as an obvious frame-up, and hinted that they had been organised by Peary. Not one person in a thousand believed them. The University of Copenhagen had supported Cook throughout the controversy. Now they pronounced a verdict on the documents he sent them. Cook, they said, had submitted no admissible evidence at all that he reached the North Pole.



A telegram claimed that he was the first to cross the northern wastes guarding The Pole.

Early doubts were dispelled: he answered to the full the honour heaped upon him; then another telegram arrived.

This time it was Peary "claiming" The Pole. So began the controversy: was Dr. Cook a hoaxer?



PEARY: He Doubled. Frederick Albert Cook lived until 1940.

He had served a gaol sentence from 1925 to 1930 for using the mails "to promote worthless stock in an oil company. Here again he may have been unlucky. His oil lands were declared almost valueless by the U.S. Government, but one parcel, bought for 10,000 dollars, brought in millions while Cook was still in prison.

When Cook came out of prison he wrote a book in which once again he asserted his claim to have reached the North Pole. Few people believed him, but in recent years several scraps of information have been found which seem to show that he did go a long way out on the Polar ice.

Two of his depots have been found, one of them 400 miles from his base at Anaktuok and half-way to the Pole. There is an outside chance that he was telling the truth. We shall never know for certain where Cook spent the 14 months during which he vanished somewhere in the Arctic regions. It is barely possible that in that time he reached the North Pole.

# WAR EXPLOITS OF THE CLOAK AND DAGGER SQUADRON

By LESLIE MONTGOMERY  
(As Told To Gordon Thomas)

LOOK at a map of Corsica, and you will be able to count the flat, open spaces on one hand. The island is a switchback of jagged mountains and mist-shrouded valleys.

Yet the Cloak and Dagger Squadron staged one of its finest coups of the war there.

It all started when two patriots escaped from the Gestapo on the island. Both had valuable information: news the Germans were determined to keep secret.

Despite injuries, the patriots reached the mountains. There they played grim hide-and-seek with the enemy—and waited for us to pick them up.

Breath a manhunt was on for the escapes, there would be no reception committee to guide us.

The landing field would be a rock-infested valley. There could be no second attempt.

The Corsican resistance were relying on us. A successful mission would send our stock soaring with them, encouraging them to redouble their efforts to harry the enemy.

The unofficial code for the night was: YOU MUST NOT FAIL.

In shimmering moonlight, two Lysanders took off on the hazardous mission. Hugging the waves, the aircraft dived towards Corsica.

Soon they were nosing between the narrow sea gap dividing Sicily and Sardinia.

A red glow over Palermo reflected off the clouds. A heavy bomber raid was being staged over the German air base in Sicily.

From our base in North Africa, we served them with guns and ammunition.

The guerrillas were split into three separate armies—the bandits, the Royalists, and the Communists.

While they all fought the Germans, they also bitterly hated each other, and were always feuding.

one did—and piled his Lysander on the boulders.

Tense silence on the ground greeted the approach of the remaining aircraft. Down it came, zigzagging dangerously towards jagged stones before stopping.

A muffled cheer came from the watchers. But the drama hadn't ended yet. With extra passengers on board, no lights to guide the pilot, and mountains to be cleared, take-off was going to be tricky.

The harsh chatter of machine-gun fire from a nearby ridge lent speed to the pilot's reactions. The Germans were closing in!

Throttle wide open, the Lysander rumbled down the valley, followed by a hail of bullets that criss-crossed the ground behind it.

Take-off was a nightmare of lurching and bumping. Slowly, the aircraft rose higher—and the mountains rushed closer.

Without warning, the engine spluttered. Frankly, the pilot juggled with the controls, and the engine roared smoothly again.

So the nerve-racking journey continued. Scuttling through the valleys, they were frequently fired on.

Once a stream of glowing tracers slid lazily between cockpit and propeller. Inches lower, and the daring escape would have ended in disaster.

The sea glinted ahead. At roughly 1000 feet, the aircraft made for home. Another mission had been accomplished.

But even this escape paled against our work in the Balkans. Probably the biggest guerrilla army in history existed in German-occupied Yugoslavia.

World War Two—and the Cloak and Dagger Squadron had a big part in their success.

From our base in North Africa, we served them with guns and ammunition.

The guerrillas were split into three separate armies—the bandits, the Royalists, and the Communists.

While they all fought the Germans, they also bitterly hated each other, and were always feuding.

Suddenly I saw earth furrows ahead. We were well off the runway! The pilot also spotted his error! Too late!

We ploughed through two Arab houses that had sprung out of the fog. I felt a violent blow on the head. Everything went black.

I came to with the aircraft on fire. My leg was broken, and I had severe facial injuries. The control column had crushed the top of my scalp. I still carry the scars to this day.

Slowly I started to crawl from the blazing plane. Again I lost consciousness.

We were to fly a specially selected team of officers and technicians over Yugoslavia, where they would parachute into Marshal Tito's country.

Being leader of the strongest guerrilla force, Tito had been selected to receive the arms.

On the success of this mission depended the formation of the Balkan air force.

Late in 1943, a lonely Halifax left North Africa with the team of experts. They reached the Adriatic Sea without trouble.

With unerring skill, the pilot dodged the sporadic flak that charted his approach to Tito's lair.

The team jumped—and that was the last heard of them for days. Then came the cryptic signal: "Mission Successful."

Within a few weeks, airstrips had been cleared and we were landing in Yugoslavia. Altogether, we brought in 18,469 tons of arms, ammunition and other supplies.

Over 2,000 specially trained men were flown in. They moulded the guerrillas into a slick fighting force.

Meanwhile, I was still carrying out those tense trips to rearm the Corsicans.

I was getting used to the routine, convincing myself we could beat the Germans any time. Suddenly, on the fifth trip to the island, the ground seemed to erupt over Southern Sardinia.

Flak peppered the Halifax everywhere. We were a sitting target. By some miracle, we didn't catch fire, and we limped home. At ground level we slid in over the coast, and foundered towards our base at Maison Blanche.

Heavy pre-dawn mist shrouded the airfield. For a goodly moments the pilot mentally juggled with the new menace. Then he nosed the injured aircraft towards where he hoped the runway would be.

Suddenly I saw earth furrows ahead. We were well off the runway! The pilot also spotted his error! Too late!

We ploughed through two Arab houses that had sprung out of the fog. I felt a violent blow on the head. Everything went black.

I came to with the aircraft on fire. My leg was broken, and I had severe facial injuries. The control column had crushed the top of my scalp. I still carry the scars to this day.

Slowly I started to crawl from the blazing plane. Again I lost consciousness.

Later, I learned my engineer had risked his life by hauling me to safety, seconds before the aircraft exploded.

My part in the Cloak and Dagger Squadron was finished. But my colleagues kept at it.

One of the greatest tributes to them can be seen in the village of St Cyr de Valong, France. On a memorial are carved the words:

"In memory of the five airmen found dead under the debris of their aircraft, shot down in flames at this place, April 28, 1944, whose work was the parachuting of arms to our secret army for the liberation of France, and the restoration of our ideals."

That simple memorial is a moving symbol of the gratitude of the people of Europe towards us. We could ask for no higher tribute.

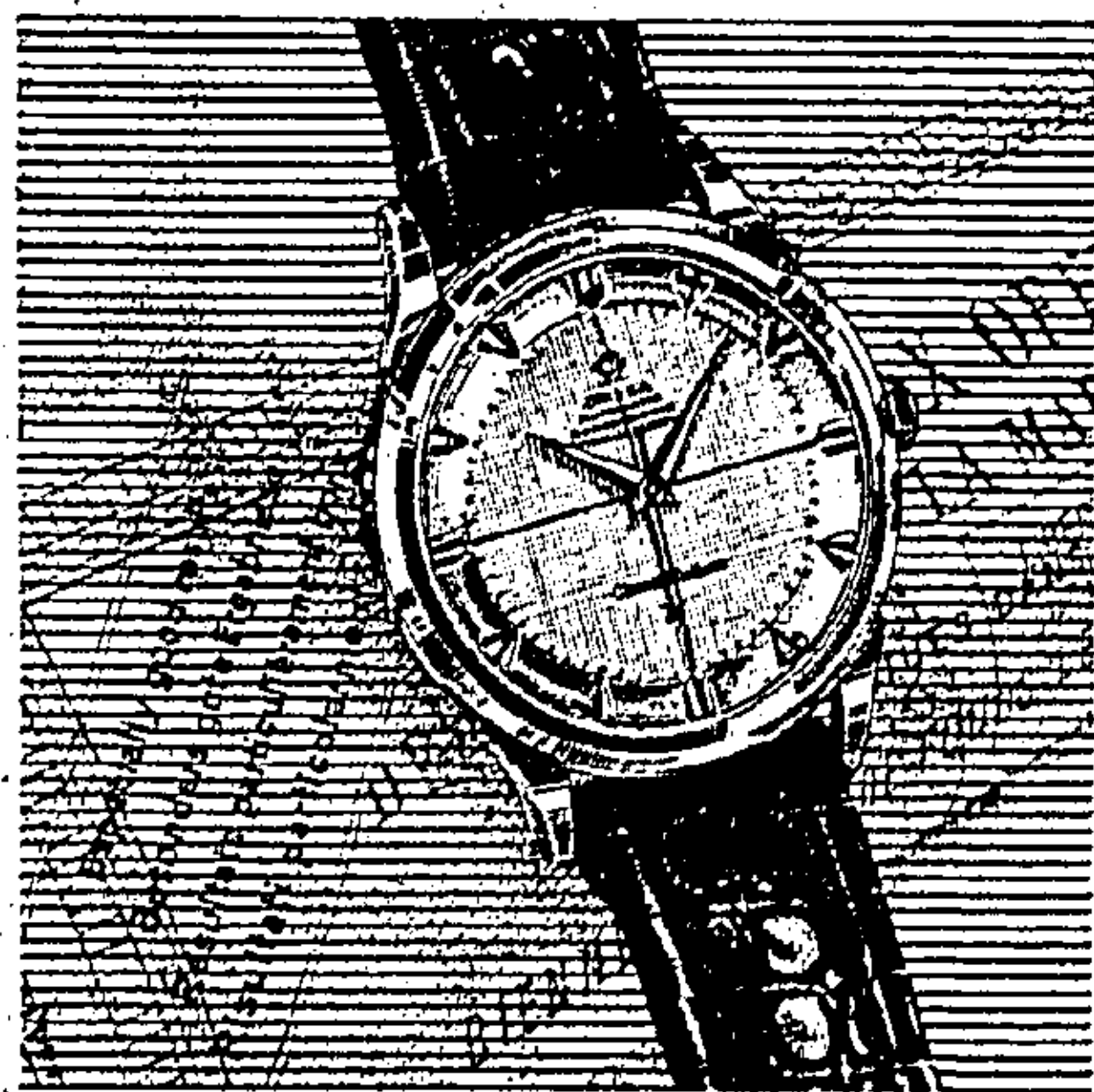
(The End)

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OMEGA *THAT'S*

Special Correspondent KAY MURRAY reports on the current phone-tapping investigations taking place in America, investigations which have revealed that the safest way to answer the phone is to say —

## "HELLO, EVERYBODY!"

WHEN a prominent New York business man rings up a colleague today his first inquiry is likely to be: "Is your phone OK?"

America, the land of the free, is so scared by current phone-tapping revelations (being investigated by both a New York Grand Jury and a State Commission) that it is not unusual for a Government official to say: "Let's take a walk round the block" if he wants to discuss something of top level importance.

The Federal Communications Act of 1934, says a court order, is necessary for permission to tap an individual's telephone

wire. But most business grocers and all Government employees know that illegal wiretapping has been in operation since 1895.

How do you know if your phone has been tapped? The answer is you don't—regardless of what writers of thrillers say about ominous clicks on the line. Phone tappers are today so expert that they would blush purple if so much as a click betrayed their operations.

Phone tapping, in fact, became so commonplace that one Los Angeles city councillor answers his phone with a cheerful: "Hello, everybody!"

In Government circles, too, phone-tapping is practically routine. Remarkably one Congressional expert: "I can't say that every department of the Government is engaged in wire-tapping but I can't think of one that isn't!"

Senator McCarthy talks into his phone with the bath taps running or clicks his pencil against the receiver during the conversation.

Such precautions may be proof against "bugs", that is, tiny microphones such as the murdered Serge Rubinstein installed under the bed of his friend Pat Wray. But it's no

protection against phone-tappers for, if you can hear in spite of running bath taps, so can your unwelcome guest!

Not that phone-tapping is an inexpensive pastime. It costs anywhere from \$35 to upwards of \$140 a day although in Washington you can get cut-price rates of only \$17.10 a day!

What steps can be taken to provide that an American's home is his castle, undisturbed by uninvited guests on his telephone? The depressing answer is — None, until someone comes up with further electronic detection devices.

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have you seen Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS



# HUNDREDS SEEK FAITH CURES AT COLONY CHURCH

By Tony Motta

I HAVE just spent a really unforgettable week. For six nights I was witness to most moving demonstrations of faith. I saw hundreds of ordinary men and women, physically afflicted in different ways, seek relief and cure through prayer. And through prayer, many of them were healed. I saw the beauty of man made whole again.

How did these wonders escape the eye of the public? They didn't.

Posters were distributed by members of a small, little known church called the Assembly of God, in Kowloon, which advertised Healing Meetings.

most of the orderly rows, but their ranks were broken by cripples who were hardly enough to manoeuvre a winding staircase, and a handful of people who stared with sightless eyes.

I am convinced that no health clinic in Hongkong has had within its doors such a cross-section of blighted humanity at one time.

The Rev. Glenn Horst, who calls himself the Ministry's forerunner, was preaching inspiringly on the power of faith. "All things

sound was alien to him. Further proof that the man was stone deaf came with the singing of hymns. Seated just behind him I listened intently, and over the din of harmonised voices heard his tuneless chant.

I soon forgot the man, however, as I became engrossed in the sermon and later the unusual but striking musical accompaniment of a piano and xylophone. The service drew to a close and, singing "Only

mumbling: "I can hear... I can hear."

"Come believing and expect the Lord to do great things," Mr Horst had said. Here was a man who believed. A man whose faith was so strong that it did not need the kindling of sermons.

Then there was the woman healed of a terrible skin disease one night.

She was badly scarred and her whole body was covered with a skin-deavouring rash. She walked up to the dais following Mr Horst's sermon and asked him to pray for her.

## MADE CLEAN

Mr Horst, as he explained later, was not actually engaged in praying for the sick, but he was touched by her faith and complied with her request.

He placed his hands on her and said: "I pray you will be healed in the name of Jesus." The woman bowed her head and, after them of their thanking him, walked into the Prayer Room.

When she emerged a short while later she shouted joyfully: "the itch is gone." Mr Horst told her to go home and sleep.

On the following day she came to service and, shouting with joy, bared her arms, shouting: "I am clean."

And clean she was—there was no sign of the unsightly infection that had been eating into her for years!

She spent the rest of the evening walking about the church and showing all who would look her spotless arms and legs.

## PRAYER

The "Healing Line" started with the arrival of the Mr Byrd on Saturday last. There was a stampede for the pews, and all was confusion in the crammed aisles as nearly 100 afflicted people tried to get on the dais.

Organisation was called for and on Monday night, although the numbers had not diminished, there was order and less excitement as people lined up with "Healing Cards."

The first up on the dais was a European lady. She spoke to Mr Byrd and removed her glasses.

Mr Byrd put his hand over her eyes and prayed in a re-

They came, in their hundreds, to the little known church called the Assembly of God. The halt and the lame, the dumb and the blind. Old and young, with afflictions of different kinds. They came to be healed through prayer. And there were many who went away cured and rid of pain. Tony Motta describes the scene during these "healing meetings," and tells of some of the remarkable things he saw.

sonant voice. "Drive the devil out of this poor woman, O Lord," he shouted. The woman started to cry violently.

"Make her body whole again, I beseech thee, Jesus." His voice rose and the woman screamed....

She stumbled down to her seat and sobbed with bowed head through the rest of the healing service.

Tension mounted and others on the dais were crying. Some in the "Healing Line" were trembling in anticipation as a mother brought her child to the fore.

She pointed to the little girl in her arms, indicating that she was deaf and dumb. Mr Byrd prayed and called for the devil "to free the little body." All the while the girl stared at him blankly.

He then snapped his fingers at her ears and for a split second I was almost certain that hearing had returned, for there was a glimmer, a fleeting shade of startled expression in her eyes.

## MIRACLES

Next in line was a man with one blind eye. He approached and Mr Byrd placed his hand over the useless organ. Minutes later the man faced the congregation and stared dumbly. He blinked, focused both his eyes and screamed: "It's all right!" His voice carried over the microphone and he told his wailing chattering audience that "he could now see with both eyes...."

"O Lord, straighten this boy's body," Mr Byrd asked in a fervent voice, as he held the back of a hunched boy of five. He told listeners that in the Philippines where he had just come from he prayed for an identical case. Within a month of the service the boy's back was straight.

Mr Horst also had his reminiscences. He told of miracles in Baguio, the resort where hundreds were healed. Cripples came and left without their crutches; "an old woman of close to 100 saw for the first time in 20 years, and both nervous and organic disorders were healed 'en masse'."

He said that there was a resurgence in belief in Divine Healing during the last year and that he had never seen a more responsive people than the natives of the Philippines.

Messrs Byrd and Horst are two of nearly 800 missionaries of the Assembly of God. Many of them have spent as much as 20 years in the Communist-speaking districts of China. Through faith they have brought relief to thousands of unfortunate, afflicted and in pain. In their new church building in Kowloon, the Assembly of God intends to expand their work here.

## Soviet Pattern Being Repeated

# Signs Of Crisis In Red China

By WILFRED RYDEN

ELEMENTS of a crisis on the lines of that which brought Malenkov down are appearing in Peking. There is the same personal rivalry; co-existence is dropped; an all-out campaign to liberate Formosa launched; heavy industry is pushed against the opposition of those who want more consumer goods; and there is a farm crisis too.

These are the things which brought Khrushchev to power with the help of the Red Army. In China the key figure is Liu Shao-chi, First Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party, Khrushchev's opposite number. Chou En-lai appears to be cast for the role of Malenkov.

Liu was given exceptional prominence during the celebrations in Peking on the fifth anniversary of the signing of the Sino-Soviet Treaty (February 14, 1950). He was listed after Mao Tse-tung and before Chou En-lai as sending greetings to Khrushchev and to Molotov. Mao is thus equipped with the Soviet President, who is a mere figurehead. And Liu is given precedence over Chou, who is both Prime Minister and Foreign Minister.

## The Listing

The three men were reported in the same order as guests at the reception given at the Soviet Embassy during the anniversary by J. M. Lomakin, temporary Charge d'Affaires. Mao Tse-tung was not present at the public meeting given in honour of the celebration; the chief guests were listed as Liu Shao-chi and Chou En-lai, in that order.

This listing is similar to the process whereby the Soviet people were gradually accustomed by their press and radio to Khrushchev's being given in public the prominence he had acquired behind the scenes.

Liu is popularly known as a member of the "war party" in Peking, which is willing to run risks in order to fulfil cherished ambitions. It has been responsible for the revival since last summer of the campaign to liberate Formosa.

He is also known, like Khrushchev, to be an advocate of pushing the industrialisation of China, whatever the cost. But, as in the Soviet Union, this policy is opposed by those who want more consumer goods. They have found an argument in the fact that the Five-Year Plan has not been going well.

The People's Daily revealed at the beginning of January that it was fulfilled by only 88.8 percent in 1953 and by only 92.4 percent last year. One of the most important causes of these failures had been "the conservative attitude of many Communists" who "blamed the plan as adventurous. They even proposed to cut down this year's plan by learning from the lessons of the two previous years."

## The Troubles

Finally, China is suffering from a severe farm crisis, as well as the Soviet Union, and may need a saviour. Official reports speak of floods and famine, opposition to grain rationing, badly made State-supplied tools, lack of co-ordination between State and collective trading organisations, disastrous unfairness, incompetence, and "commandism" (autocratic tendencies) on the part of Communists in collectives.

There has been such haste in forming collectives that many are in danger of becoming enormous private farms. The People's Daily complains that "rich peasants and persons with a deep-rooted capitalist ideology might gain control of the co-operatives and lure some of the peasants towards capitalism."

The dispute over the pace of industrialisation and collectivisation is connected with China's relations with the Soviet Union. If the Soviet Union gives machines on a large enough scale, both industrialisation and collectivisation are likely to suffer.

collectivisation can be pushed without the need to restrict consumer industries; if these are not forthcoming in sufficient quantities, then the development of consumer industries must be restricted and the people must put up with short supplies. And if the Soviet Union cannot or will not supply China with loans to provide the capital needed for industrialisation, then they must be provided by a high level of taxation.

There is considerable evidence that China is not getting from the Soviet Union all the machines she needs. And the only towns she has had have been ones of £100 million in 1950 and another of approximately £50 million given last October. There have been complaints that these are not nearly enough.

## The Capital

Wang Ching-chih, Instructor in Public Finance at the People's University, stated in the fortnightly People's China that China "cannot and will not resort to raising funds abroad" for her industrialisation; they must be raised "mainly from domestic resources."

And the People's Daily in an article on the new conscription law, said: "A large amount of capital and labour is required for socialist construction. We cannot depend on any outside source to obtain such capital and labour. We must depend on ourselves."

Statements that China "will not depend on outside sources" are hardly to be taken as an indication that Communist China wants independence of Soviet financial aid. Statements that she "cannot" depend on outside sources are probably nearer the truth, and indicate that the Soviet Union either cannot or will not give sufficient aid.

Liu Shao-chi is at the moment undoubtedly as secure in Peking as Khrushchev is in Moscow. But if an economic crisis should result from pushing the pace of industrialisation and collectivisation too hard, both he and the Sino-Soviet alliance are likely to suffer.



Mrs Ng, 72 years old, who was paralysed in her legs, arriving at an Assembly of God healing meeting. The Rev. Ralph Byrd is seen with her in picture.

"Bring the Sick and Come Believing" was all the paper said. It also gave the times of the morning and evening services and the name of the preacher, the Rev. Ralph Byrd of Atlanta, Georgia.

To the fortunate few who received these little bits of paper, nothing was promised, but they came, multiplied in number and filled the Assembly of God both morning and night.

If it were not for the pulpit and the long pews I would have imagined myself in a clinic.

Palsied old men and wizened old ladies filled

are possible, only believe," he repeated again and again during his sermon.

I noticed, sitting in the second row, an old man who was straining forward and tapping at his ear.

As he turned I saw that he had a hearing aid and was vainly trying to increase the volume of sound by adding to the vibrations.

His face was contorted and strained and he jabbed viciously at the aid as Mr Horst's voice throbbed richly over the microphone.

The Chinese translation was equally loud, but to the old man it was a losing battle

Three days later I attended an evening service and there was my deaf friend sitting in the fifth row.

Had he given up trying? I hurried to a seat beside him and... no, it couldn't be... but it was! HE COULD HEAR!

The vacant look in his eyes was gone and his ear's ineffective adornment had disappeared as well. At the end of the service he sang "Only Believe" with the others.

Tears streamed down his cheeks but his face was lighted up with the look of a happy man, and he kept

## PARIS NEWSLETTER FROM SAM WHITE

# Windsors' Friend Triumphs Over Tragedy

A WOMAN who has triumphed over notoriety and tragedy is American-born Fern Bedaux, widow of Charles Bedaux, the man who took the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their ill-advised trip to Nazi Germany shortly after the Duke's abdication.

She has been living quietly in a Paris hotel, reorganising her husband's confidential offices of industrial efficiency consultants.

## QUIET LIFE

This business, which amassed a fortune for the late Charles Bedaux, is now flourishing again. So much so that in two or three months time, Mrs Bedaux will have good news for more than a

thousand of her employees—the business is to be placed on a profit-sharing basis. Now in her middle fifties, Mrs Bedaux is as attractive and elegant as she ever was in the days when she was the Duchess of Windsor's closest rival for the title of the world's best-dressed woman.

She still maintains the famous Chateau de Candé, near Paris, where the Windsors were frequent visitors, but the stables, which once housed 20 thoroughbreds—are now deserted. The golf course which English groundsmen maintained is now overgrown with weeds, and even the Bedaux's English butler, James, has gone.

During the war, Bedaux, shorn of friends and suspected of Nazi sympathies, committed suicide. A year later, after the liberation of Paris, Mrs Bedaux married a U.S. army colonel. The marriage lasted only little more than a stand trial. The most impor-

tant of them is 63-year-old Charles Antoine Rochat, who was secretary-general of the Foreign Office under Petain.

Some of the highest personages in the land have now come forward to give completely convincing evidence on his behalf. Had Mr Rochat been tried 10 years ago, he would certainly have either been shot or sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

A disturbing question arises: would the same people have come forward then to testify for him? Some undoubtedly would have done, such as senior officers of the British-organized Special Operations Executive, of others I am more doubtful.

The tragedy is that on a great issue like treason, a fair trial should have been impossible in the climate of post-liberation France.

Alas, as sad as it is that many enthusiastic collaborators, with recently returned from exile to the Germans, escaped trial altogether by devious means.

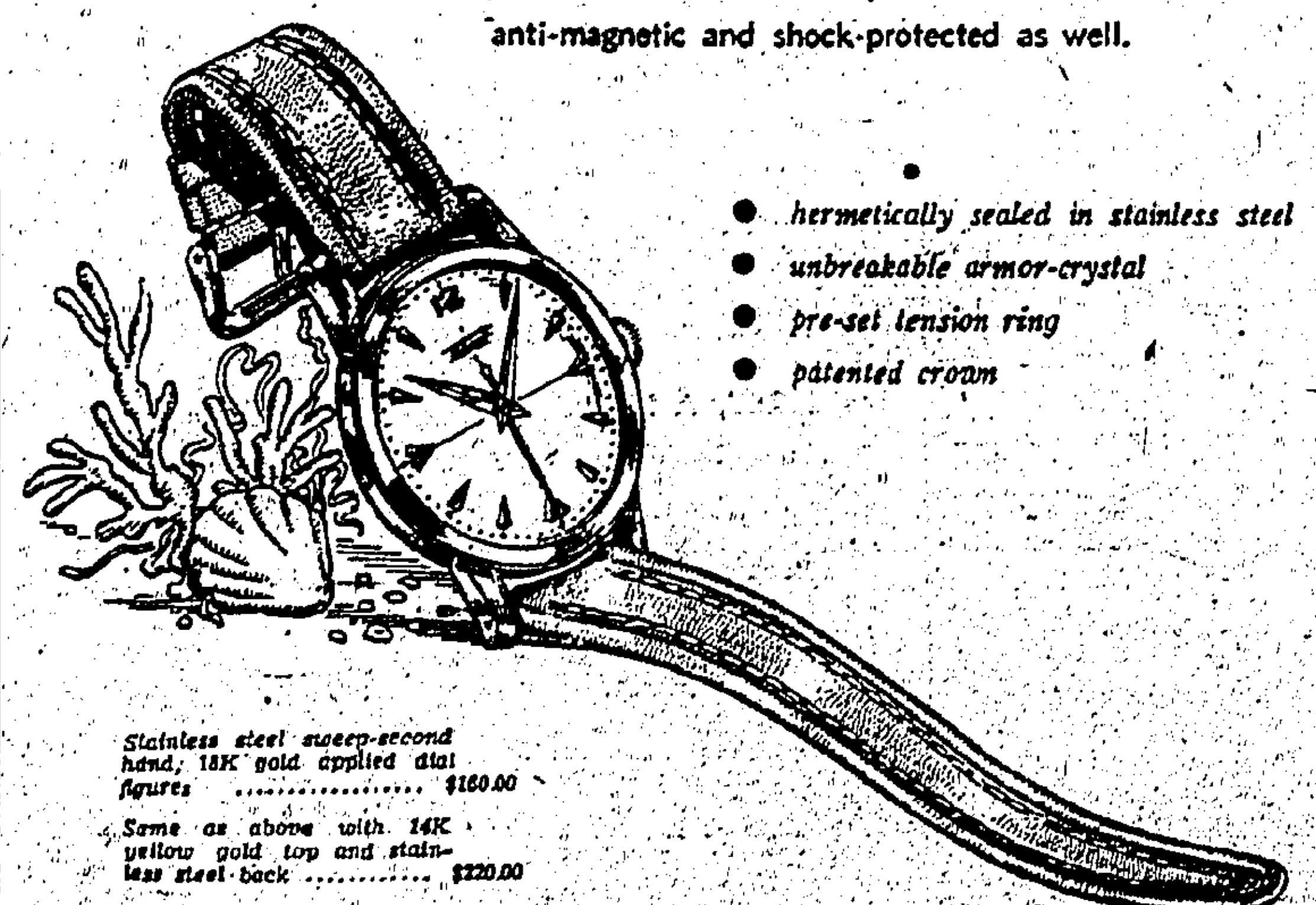
They are now doing exceedingly well in the more exalted walks of life.

## QUOTES

AUTHOR Pierre Daninos: It has often occurred to me that a zoologist is probably in a better position to understand the English than a psychologist.

Diplomatic Correspondent Pertinax: The time has now come to carry out an autopsy on the Entente Cordiale whose 50th anniversary was celebrated with such pomp only last year. Prior consultations between France and Britain on diplomatic moves have now virtually disappeared, and consultations of any kind between the two countries are now the exception rather than the rule.

Notice in an office in the Ministry of Finance: This office is closed the afternoon of the last working day preceding the 31st of each month, of the 11 first months of the year, and on the last working day of December.



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OMEGA \* Tissot



# They thought I was a TERRORIST because I'm British!

SEFTON DELMER cables from Jakarta, the capital of Indonesia

**A** BAREFOOTED houseboy in crimson and gold sarong padded in with our after-dinner coffee—coffee grown, picked, roasted, and brewed high up in the mountains of West Java.

It was the most deliciously aromatic I have ever tasted anywhere. I was just saying so to my Dutch host—the plantation manager and his wife—when plop plop plop plop and I was cut off in mid-sentence. Rifle fire coming, as far as I could tell, out of the jungle undergrowth on the mountain opposite us.

The telephone rang. My host dashed off. I tried to resume my praise of the coffee. But my hostess did not seem very interested. Her face was suddenly drawn and grey with apprehension. "It's a raid," my host confirmed when he returned from the telephone.

## A REPRISAL? Off into the jungle

SEVERAL more calls from other points on the estate all reported sniping. Said my host:

"Terrorists are shooting into the compound where our staff live. Probably a reprisal for their having given information after I called in the police following last week's raid. What you say to our the Land-Force and driving down to have a look at what's happening?"

It gave me quite an eerie feeling. I confess, to be driving down these estate roads, either they were lined on both sides with rows and rows of 5ft. tea bushes or they were tunneling through the thick jungle of acacia trees and tangled undergrowth. All of it ideal ambush terrain.

From the roof of the tea factory two powerful searchlights were sweeping the country all around. Inside the building

## The country in the NEWSmap



itself we found a number of terrified employees. They dashed out from their houses when shooting started and ran to the factory for safety and shelter.

## FEAR, THEN... ...a word calms them

**W**E drove on down the road to the compound. This is the housing estate where plantation workers live with their families in excellent company-built cottages and where the children have a large modern school built 25 years ago by the Dutch firm owning the estate.

Firing had now ceased. But we found the villagers crouched fearfully on the terraces of their houses.

My host the manager talked with them in their own Sundanese dialect. It was amazing to watch the reassuring effect the manager's mere presence had on these simple Sundanese. Particularly so because according to the Government authorities I talked to in Djakarta, the workers hate and fear him and his like as "anachronistic remnants of capitalist—colonialist—exploitation—which must be liquidated—at-the-earliest-opportunity."

## THE POLICE Here was distrust

**T**HE manager and his cottagers were still chatting when the darkness was suddenly pierced by two searchlights travelling up the road. They belonged to a police patrol consisting of two armoured cars.

The Indonesian police lieutenant in charge had the same aggressive, almost neurotic, suspicion of the whole world around him which I have found in all anti-terrorist fighters from our own people in Palestine and Malaya to the Greeks fighting Communist guerrillas in Epirus.

I could see he looked at both the manager and me with the deepest distrust. "What are these Europeans doing here?" I could imagine him asking himself. "Are they waiting for the

## THE TRAVELS OF DELMER

**I**N THE LAST seven weeks Delmer's luggage labels have changed rapidly. He flew from London to Manila, went on to Tokyo and back to Bangkok, 11,500 miles. FROM Bangkok to Kuala Lumpur, down to Singapore and on to Jakarta, in Indonesia. Another 2,850.

BY THE TIME he arrives back in London he will have done thousands of miles more than the distance round the world.

bandits to come up and hobnob with them?"

What he did do was to order one of the villagers who had come down with us from the factory to get in his car for questioning. And it was clear the man would be questioned about us. Then he drove off.

Yes, it was an odd feeling for me as I drove back with my host to feel that here in Indonesia the medal was reversed. Here I, as a Briton and representative of a capitalist system, was closely suspected of being a potential helper of the terrorists. I began to get the idea of what it must be like to be a Chinese rubber tapper in Malaya who, by accident, finds himself near the scene of a terrorist attack.

For get this straight. These terrorists, who have been robbing the manager's estate and pillaging his workers, are not Communists. They are anti-Communists. And that means that Europeans, as professed anti-Communists, are automatically suspected of sympathy for terrorists.

Like the other terrorist bands which, in defiance of the Indonesian Government, hold sway over vast areas of Western and Central Java, of Celebes, the

Moluccas, and parts of Sumatra, the terrorists proclaim themselves faithful Moslems, and enemies of the infidel Djakarta Government.

As we made our way home, I thought of the long talk I had only the day before with the smooth-spoken, goateed, bearded man who is the Indonesian Republic's Prime Minister.

"Here in Indonesia," Dr. Ali Soertramidi said, "we don't look on Communists or Communism as a danger."

"The Communists help and support my Government. They recognise us as progressives. Here in Indonesia the real danger comes from certain foreign interests who, for reasons of their own, want to disrupt the country's economy. They are using the terrorist bands as instruments to that end. They support the terrorists with money and with arms."

Now this is sheer nonsense. Foreign firms who have invested vast sums in Indonesia, far from having an interest in the disruption of the country, are vitally interested that it should regain its prosperity and former productivity.

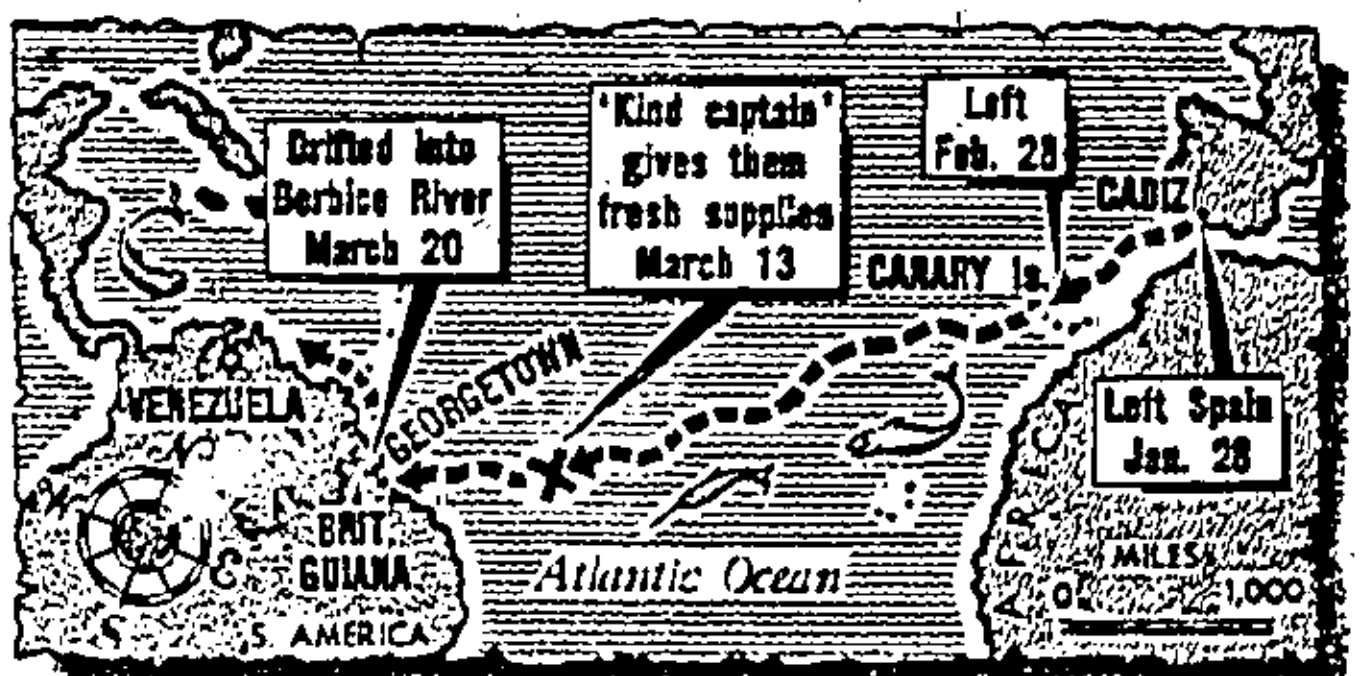
## A CONSPIRACY? They truly believe it

**B**UT make no mistake. Even if Dr. Ali is merely shooting a line to provide an alibi for his own Administration's inefficiency—and it is my belief he is sincere—this alleged foreign conspiracy against Indonesia is widely accepted. Particularly by idealistic young nationalists like the police lieutenant.

"And nothing could suit the Communists better in their struggle to capture these vital islands and use them as a strategic threat to Australia and the rest of the Southern Pacific. So the second cup of coffee which my hostess had ready on our return did not taste as good as the first. But that was not the fault of the coffee."

## THE VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN JUAN BOUILLA

We sailed, we prayed, we hoped



**H**ERE in his own words and set down in the way he told it, is Captain Juan Ramier Bouilla's story of his remarkable voyage from Spain with 40 refugees in a small sailing boat.

The San Antonio de Pourres is the vessel's name and it carried passengers 5,000 miles across the South Atlantic from Cadiz to Georgetown, British Guiana.

## FIRST, A SHIP

**C**aptain Bouilla's story begins—

Economic conditions in Spain are not so good, so some friends and myself decided to buy a boat and leave for the rich country of Venezuela where several Spaniards we know work and live happily.

After some difficulty a sailing ship was obtained. We secured visas for Venezuela but friends discouraged us from leaving. They thought it impossible for 40 persons to cross the Atlantic in such a boat and reach Venezuela alive.

We left Spain on January 28 and drifted in the ocean for about 30 days before reaching the Canary Islands. There we met a good Negro fellow from British Guiana.

He wanted to make the trip with us but feared death. He too thought we couldn't reach our destination alive.

Our supplies weren't sufficient. Shortly after leaving the Canary Islands we ran out of rations. But we prayed to the Virgin Mary and an American ship came to help us. The American captain was kind.

After explaining that he also didn't have many supplies, the American captain gave us some bread, one bag of flour, and a small amount of cornmeal.

For six dreadful days each man had one spoonful of flour or cornmeal in one glass of water.

Several times trouble came to the surface on our journey and then subsided. The first trouble came when some of the men wanted to return to Spain. Others disagreed. Then I had to get some of my friends aboard to play the role of ship policemen, just to find out what was going on.

With the first sign of trouble I begged everyone to pray several times daily. You see there wasn't much to do except sail, watch, pray and hope.

Each time I received news of trouble that great woman Maria Santana (wife of a member of the crew) talked to the individuals. And each time the troublemakers felt ashamed. Sometimes they wept.

Maria was ill on some time. It was feared she might die. But we had one doctor and one dispenser among us.

## HATS OFF

They took care of Maria. They used all the penicillin injections aboard to give her life.

When they learned that penicillin discovered Sir Alexander Fleming died while on a ship was in mid-Atlantic they took off their hats. But all our troubles are over now. We have our visas and we have supplies. We shall be on our way to Venezuela soon.

# SATURDAY SHORT STORY

THE CHINA MAIL BRINGS YOU A NEW REGULAR FEATURE FOR YOUR WEEK-END ENTERTAINMENT

## Dginn Rummy

By GEORGE REDSHAW

**I**N the thick, tobacco-tainted atmosphere of the theatre, Jack Pilgrim felt happier than he had been all evening.

"Better than that prom," he whispered to his wife. "You can keep your ozone. Give me a good warm fog."

"Shut up," she hissed back. "We're here, aren't we?"

"Ay. We're here," he admitted, and shuddered ostensibly.

It was the first evening of their holiday, and the thought of the virgin-cold bed back at their lodgings froze his spine.

This variety show was only a postponement of the inevitable when they must once again face the north-easter which was whipping up the steely water outside.

"I wish I was at home," was the tormenting thought which popped up in Jack's mind as regularly as the bill-board between the acts.

But the show was good, and now and again, Alice Pilgrim, a dim bunchy shape in the darkness, turned the whites of her eyes in his direction, and gave a little giggle she had retained from girlhood.

"The Great Lombardo," read the finale, while the orchestra played weird Eastern music. Then, in a world of wishful thinking, an ordinary kettle poured out a variety of drinks, and goose-fleshed chorists stepped out of suit-cases. The suit-cases set up tiny shivers of association in Jack's



"That's that there button again," said Jack Pilgrim, pointing.

Until he saw the button! Just an ordinary shiny button on the conjuror's frock-coat, but it had powerful qualities.

"Oh, dginn of the button, hear me!" the man was saying, and he rubbed its surface vigorously. "Send me a glass of beer."

And there on the table which a second before had been bare was a foaming tankard.

"What shall I ask for now?" the conjuror demanded of the audience. Then, pretending to distinguish from the multiple yelling "A beautiful girl! Right!"

Rub, rub, rub! A brass-faced harem beauty sat cross-legged in place of the beer!

Alice fidgeted uneasily, and whispered to her husband but his profile was agape with mystification, and he hardly heard her.

"Dginn of the button," the magician was now yelling. "I wish to disappear."

And like a shooting star, he vanished from the stage to reappear later from the orchestra pit. Jack noticed that he was still wearing the button.

"I could do with that there," he told Alice as he helped her with her coat.

"I could do with some sleep," she replied. "I've dropped dead tired all at once."

"Well, you go on back to bed. I'll just have a lot of rum to warm up, and then I'm coming."

Alice was too tired to notice the eagerness in her husband's voice. She yawned.

"You'll find the place all right?"

"Course. You go. I'm not tired yet. Must be the sea air," he grinned, as he watched her waddling back.

In the public-house round the corner from the theatre, Jack absorbed the top of rum in fiery gulps, and savoured the warmth of it in his bones. He ordered another. Then, to make sure that it reached every corner of his frozen body, another and another.

As the rosy glow crept into his veins, his smile became fixed, and his mind articulated with wonderful fancies. He felt he could talk to the Queen.

He changed to whisky at the suggestion of a tall, dark man with whom he seemed to have an affinity. The stranger's alarming face the colour of live mahogany, beamed with black brows, gleamed into Jack's vision but dimly. It was the button which arrested his notice. Winking wickedly from the man's coat, it prodded him into a kind of slow motion.

"That's that there button again," he said pointing. "I could do with that myself."

The Great Lombardo grimaced at the onlookers, and turned a serious face to Jack.

"I wish for Alice to stay away all week," he muttered. She did.

(All Rights Reserved. The characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious. No reference is intended to any persons, living or dead.)

## ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

looks into the secrets of some of the best-dressed men to find how much they owe to their wives.

# Is YOUR husband a credit to you?

**T**RY not to grumble if you have a scruffy husband. I've discovered that it's probably your fault. Under the crumpled jacket and the faded poplin shirt there beats the heart of a Beau Brummel.

I have talked to 20 men this week about their clothes. One said he dressed to cover himself. One said he thought a few clean, warm things were all a respectable man required.

Eighteen men said they would adore to have whole cupboards full of lovely clothes. They were prevented merely by lack of funds, lack of wisely sympathy, or by a craven fear of looking ridiculous.

A man will come in alone and buy a pair of cashmere slippers. But if his wife is with him he will buy lambswool (cheaper) under her beady eye.

waistcoat with a suit—"those woolly cardigans" he says, "are no substitute."

He stressed that his wardrobe is a small one, but what he buys is good.

They say.....

**A**LL the well-dressed men I talked to have wives who take a pride and interest in their husbands' clothes. They get go shopping with their husbands—but to encourage, not to restrain.

**MRS. BOYD-ROCHFORD** (tremendously elegant herself in the best English country tradition) says her husband looks well dressed "because he takes such care."

"He has no valet and nobody here has time to look after him," she says. "His clothes get pressed whenever somebody has a spare half-hour. But he puts every suit on a hanger and every shoe on a tree the minute he takes it off."

"And he always looks so clean, and his hair is brushed perfectly. He has very few clothes, but they are meticulously kept and beautifully put on."

Captain Boyd-Rochford's taste in clothes is strictly orthodox. "I have slopy clothes and eccentric clothes about equally," he said.

He hates loud colours, fancy waistcoats, horsey checks, bright polo-necked sweaters, and affectations like pork-pie hats.

He never wears a buttonhole. He never wears a white dinner jacket, although he travels widely (he is just back from Texas in time for the opening of the flat-racing season).

Quiet tweeds

**H**E likes a blue or grey suit for London or occasionally a pin-stripe; quietish tweeds for the country; homburgs or cloth caps; dark ties, especially claret colour.

He always wears cavalry twill trousers with an odd jacket, instead of grey flannels, which he considers sloppy. He always wears proper jodhpur boots, with jodhpurs and a

**MRS. PETER WEST** (formerly Davina Portman) thinks it is wonderful to have a well-dressed husband.

She likes to look round a room and think: "Ah, mine's much better than anyone else's."

She often goes with him to his tailor's, helps choose the cloth and check the fittings.

Her husband, like Captain Boyd-Rochford, insists that "everything must be spotlessly clean." He, too, hates eccentricities like tight trousers. He likes dark suits and white shirts, often wears a bow tie.

Mrs. William Douglas-Horne (wife of the playwright) also goes with her husband when he shops.

"We mind very much about each other's clothes," she says. "I think his well-turned-out look is a compliment to me, and it puts me on my mettle."

His taste? "Wonderful in town," she says—usually a dark suit, a white shirt and a bow tie. "But terrible in the country."

## The rules

**T**HE rules for the well-dressed man, in fact, are much the same as for the well-dressed woman.

**DON'T BUY A LOT OF CLOTHES. NEVER BUY ECCENTRIC CLOTHES. BUY THE BEST YOU CAN AFFORD.**

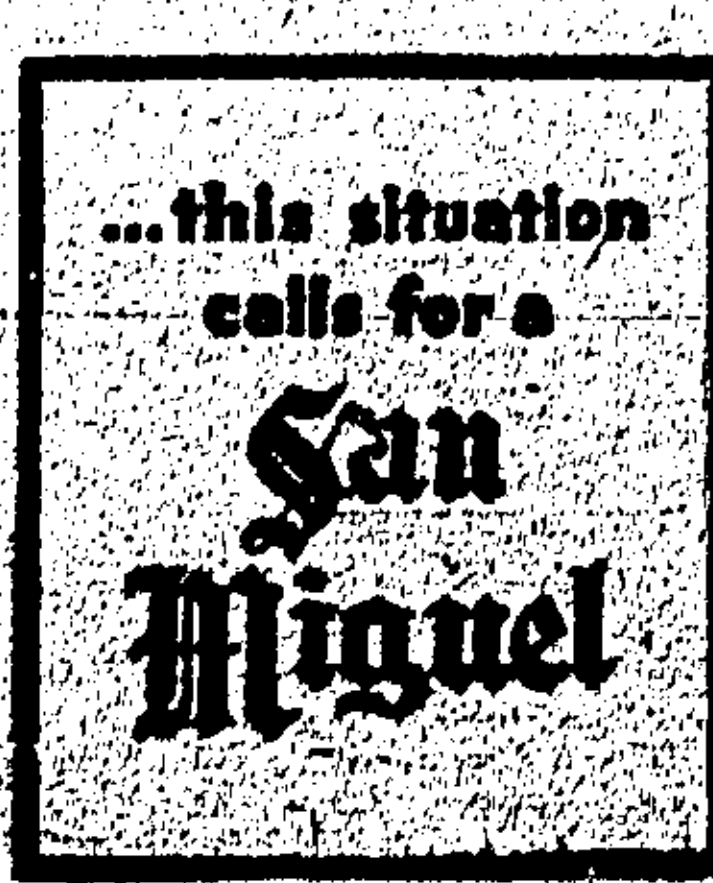
(I nearly added, for force of habit, **WEAR A GOOD DARK SUIT WITH GAY ACCESSORIES.**)

But there is this difference. A woman can dress well without her husband's help, but a man does need a bit of kindness from his wife.

He may or may not blossom under the treatment, but it's worth a trial.

## JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins





★ ★ ★

## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

Effective Colour Blending  
In Room Decor

By Charles E. Day

Chicago. much of the upholstery in one tone, leaving colour for small pieces and accessories.

Here is a glossary of colours with their complements. Although I have thought of these in terms of the living, dining and library rooms, I think the same principles carry over to other rooms.

**Beige** — A warm restful background for cool colours such as jade green, bristol blue, emerald green, a particularly good background for pine, bleached woods, and natural walnut case pieces. For accessories, try gleaming brass, accents of black lacquer.

**Grey** — A calm, serene colour, calling for accents of warm persimmon, ruby red, gold or yellow, a fine background for mellow mahogany pieces. Again, black is a good accent with crystal and silver accessories.

**Blue** — From deep tones to pale ones, blue is a restful, receding colour giving even the smallest area a sense of space. Yellows, oranges and reds are "at home" with blues. Any wood tones are enhanced by a

blue background and white painted pieces always are successful.

**Green** — From emerald through celadon, from mossy green to citron, greens remain a perennial favourite. With yellow greens, use yellows, copper shades and "subony" pinks. Both tones lend themselves to pickled pines, bleached woods and mahogany. Darker furniture is good with the lighter tones.

**LEAVE RED TO EXPERTS**

Red — A difficult colour for backgrounds; red is exciting and stimulating colour and is best handled by experts.

**Pink** — A most feminine colour and seldom suited for living rooms; it should be reserved largely for bedrooms.

**Purple** — Another difficult colour that must be used in small doses. It can give a depressing, even funereal quality.

**Yellow** — Even though the colour of sunshine, yellow needs care in execution. Remember that the depth of yellow fades greatly under artificial light so deep tones of yellow must be used to hold their character. White, emerald, bright blues are good with yellow, and for a neutral, stick to greys rather than beiges. Pine is a poor colour against yellow and if mahogany is used, be sure it is of brown rather than red tone.

## THE MIDDLE ROAD

It would seem best to follow the middle road and contrive rooms that have a peaceful, tranquil quality. This can best be done by keeping walls, carpet and

## IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN!

Western-Style Hats  
For Soviet Women

Moscow. the majority comments recorded by the viewers.

But, upstairs in "GUM", the resident milliners took private orders at once for hats in the show from women who could hardly wait for the chosen models to be put on sale to the public generally.

Prices of the new-style hats average between 100 and 170 roubles, high by Moscow standards, but not too much to pay to brighten a drab wardrobe. For an average Moscow typist, a new-style hat would cost four days' pay, for an average factory-hand five days' pay. But it would still be considered a worthwhile buy.—China Mail Special.

Nearly all are straight copies from the West and are up-to-date by Western standards. They are small and smart and the colours are bright and gay, pink, blue and white being among the favourites.

Tiny hats which look as if they consist of only a few feathers are "all the rage". Hats like these have never before been seen in Soviet Russia—except on the heads of wives of foreign diplomats.

**UNBELIEVABLE!**

Soviet hat-making factories have always contented themselves with heavy felt in dark blue or maroon for winter wear and straw trimmed with artificial flowers for spring and summer.

A year ago, a Moscow newspaper complained that to find a pretty hat in Moscow was like looking for a needle in a haystack. It described the hats then on sale as being "of incomprehensible shape and adorned with faded flowers and greenery from which even goats would turn away with abusive contempt."

Since then, Soviet fashion scouts have obviously been studying Western magazines and probably hat shows in European cities.

When the Spring display opened in "GUM", the biggest departmental store in the whole Soviet Union, crowds of women drawn there by the advertisements could hardly believe their eyes.

A young Moscow typist fingered a shimmering halo of white feathers priced at 150 roubles and said: "I can't believe it. This is what I have always dreamed of!"

**ALL BEAUTIFUL!**

Another woman, asked by a friend to make her choice from the dazzling collection, answered: "It isn't possible to choose. They are all so beautiful!"

The hats on show in "GUM" did not go on sale immediately. First, a census of public opinion was conducted by the store management.

As women entered the display salon, they were given cards, on which to enter their remarks about any of the models on show. They were given a choice of four comments to make: "excellent", "good", "satisfactory", "bad".

A "suggestions book" was also provided for any other comments the women might want to make.

The management said that production of the new hats would begin in accordance with

the majority comments recorded by the viewers.

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## Simple But Attractive



This simple attractive hat by Albouy is of black and white muslin.—Agence France-Press.

DOES YOUR COMPLEXION  
NEED EXTRA CARE?

By HELEN FOLLETT

**N**ORMALLY, the pores of the skin are very small. Indeed, note the skin of a little child; it is fine in texture, smooth as satin.

When these little openings in the skin become choked with the excretions of the sebaceous glands, mixed with atmospheric dust and when the fibres impeded to keep "loose" cuticles closed become relaxed, the complexion is coarse-grained, a common beauty grief.

The successful treatment of this condition consists of a daily routine somewhat different from that recommended for the normal complexion.

Remove make-up with a thin oil. Form a thick lather of a bland soap on a washcloth, press close to the face, es-

pecially close to the nose and cheeks where coarse pores flourish. The water should be fairly warm, but stop as soon as the skin feels sensitive. Rinse thoroughly with tepid water. Then have a friction with an ice cube to speed up circulation.

That is the time, when the face is cold, to apply a retreating. You will find this to be a cosmetic counter, and it often does wonders as a refining agent.

An ice rub during the day is recommended. Use upward sweeping rotary motions. Beauticians also recommend certain packs or masks that have a

favourable effect upon enlarged pores.

They also put their beauty patients on a diet, as certain food elements stimulate the functions of sebaceous glands that are often the reason for the coarse skin texture.

Fats of all kinds must be cut down, but not eliminated as fat is an energy-builder. The order is: less butter on the bread, less cream in coffee, no pastries, or rich sauces. In fact, it's a good idea to do without all high-calorie desserts.

Fruits and vegetables, head the list of good-looks foods. If you're in earnest about improving a poor complexion, it's a good idea to consult your doctor. Have him outline a diet for you, one that will help your skin and your figure, too, if need be.



The A-line dress. It has straight-cross-the-shoulder neckline, sheath bodice, and full skirt. It is made in sky blue shantung.

LIFE AS MADAM  
AMBASSADOR

By IDA JEAN KAIN

**T**HERE'S never a dull moment in the life of Ambassador Clara Luce, the American envoy to Rome. The title Madam Ambassador sounds glamorous, but judging from a typical week's activities, the role calls for open-fourth glamour girl and three-fourths truck horse. Mrs Luce, chatting informally to members of the Women's National Press Club (New York) gave us a rough idea of what the job really entails.

Her day starts bright and early at 7:30 and often ends at 1:00 the following morning. From 8:30 to 10, she catches up on the news and reports; then staff meetings and appointments until 1:00. Home for lunch at 1:00, where inevitably there will be Americans coming in and perhaps she will have five or six Italian diplomats for lunch.

## NO SIESTA

It is the custom in Italy to start the business day between 10:00 and 11:00 in the morning and take a siesta in the afternoon, followed by work from 4:00 to 7:00. The office hours at the American Embassy have not been influenced by the locale — they are the usual 8:30 to 6:00. So the American Embassy keeps both the American and the Italian hours. After all, when in Rome...

An important part of the work of a diplomat begins after 6:00.

During the week, it is necessary to attend three or four official dinners. These start at 9, you sit down to the table at 10 and finish after 11. Also Mrs Luce gives one or two dinners a week herself, so if she gets one night to have dinner home on a tray, she's lucky.

In the course of the week she is invited to numerous cocktail parties, and someone in the embassy is sure to point out that Madam really should attend. If that's impossible, one sends a Minister Counsellor but, according to Mrs Luce, that isn't cricket if the Ambassador is alive and on her feet.

## TOUGH ON FIGURE

Because of all this official entertainment, Clara Luce gained 7 unwanted pounds, even though she tries to curb the calories. This presents a clothes problem and little time is left in her busy life for shopping. And clothes a lady Ambassador must have. She has to dress three times daily—for business, then for the after office hours affairs, and finally for the formal evening dinners which are very dress-up. Strenuous as her programme is, Mrs Luce looks wonderfully well. In fact, to my way of thinking, Clara Luce is lovelier looking now than she was ten years ago.

The New Line Is Very  
Much  
Alive

London.

WITH Dior himself selling off-the-peg A-line outfits in London and with British manufacturers taking up the line with enthusiasm, there is no limit to the variations of the 'long torso look'.

You can be clad in the new long look for sunshine or rain, in cold weather or hot. From the different styles now in the shops you can choose a tweed overcoat or a cotton suit, a tennis dress or a glamorous ball gown — all with new detail.

The long torso look is not a dead fashion. It is not confined to shops and show-rooms and Mayfair. It is being worn everywhere.



The A-line coat. Narrow shoulders taper out to a wide hemline. This version is in yellow tweed, but it sets the style for many others in cotton or silk.

Seen in Regent Street in the first spring sunshine: an up-to-the-minute tweed suit, with rounded shoulders, slightly fitted waist, and an up-to-the-minute belt buckled round the jacket's hem.

Seen stepping onto a bus in Piccadilly: an A-line suit with its jacket smooth-fitting to mid-hip level, its full skirt bursting into pleats.

Seen at a small country inn outside London: a rose-patterned silk dress, unmistakably the long torso line, with its fitted waist, unbelted but fitted waist, and full skirt springing from a dropped waistline.

Off-the-peg fashion at prices we can all afford has brought the new line to everyone's wardrobe. Much to everyone's relief — and surprise — the off-the-peg version of the Paris original is elegant, wearable, and not in the least startling.

Fashion is all 'line' this year — and that is something the corset manufacturers are busily putting over. The long, moulded look, so they tell us, begins with the foundation garment, and if you are buying a new line dress, you should get a new line girdle to go with it.

Don't imagine, though, that this means a return to the days of whalebone and steel. Nylon elastic net, light but firm, moulds the line — and is comfortable into the bargain. To emphasise their point, they have organised a National Corset Week, arranging displays up and down the country. They also staged a "corset forum", with experts in the chair to answer queries. So, whether you are A-line-minded or not, here are some facts about your corset and you:

How many corsets should you have? The experts suggest a corset wardrobe of at least two. Wear them alternately and wash them regularly, in soapy water, so that the elastic can regain its shape.

Why does a built-up roll-on get loose around the waist? Probably because

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## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To soften hard paint, pour an inch of turpentine on it, and let it stand for a few days. Then stir with a stick until soft.

Every bathroom should have an easily found place for arrangements for cleaning the tub. The best might be a long-

handled brush and an agreeable looking tin filled with whatever cleaning powder you like.

Hair ribbons may be wrapped around a wet, round jar after being washed. This prevents wrinkling, and eliminates the need for ironing.



Beautiful beads at the collar, lovely lace from throat to tip of train... over filmy nylon tulle. The bridesmaid's gown, of misty pleated tulle, and frosty crystallette.

Miss Lydia Rowe — Yardley Resident Beauty Specialist is now in attendance for consultation.

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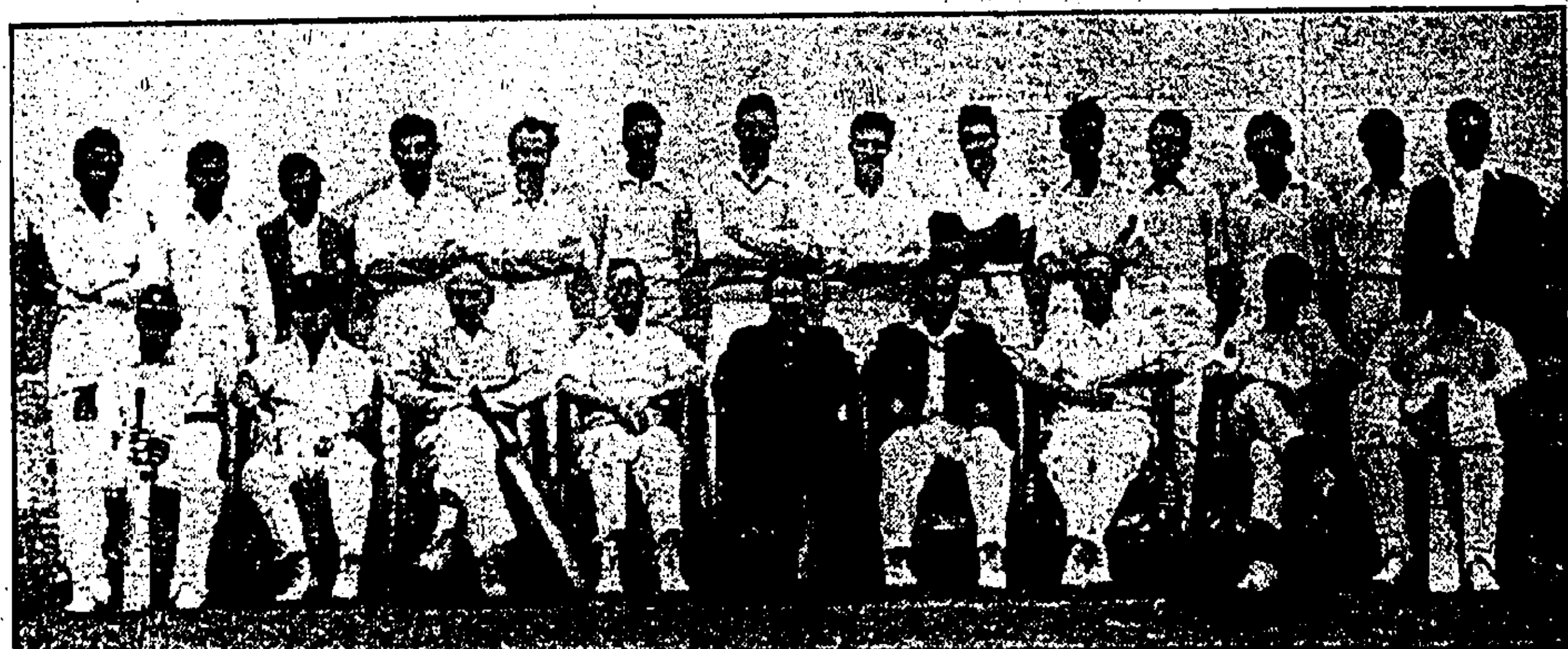
WEDDING party at St Joseph's Church last Saturday, showing Mr and Mrs Arthur Patrick Richardson with their attendants. The bride was formerly Miss Marygold Sarby. (Staff Photographer)



AT the farewell dinner given in honour of Mr R. B. Black by the Directors of the Po Leung Kuk. From left: Mr Black, Mrs P. S. Liu, Mrs Kwok Chan and Mrs Anne Yeung. Mr Black, who has been Colonial Secretary here since 1952, is going to Singapore as Governor. (Staff Photographer)



EXAMINING the amenities of the newly-opened Jaycee Boys and Girls Club Recreation Centre at the Chuk Yuen Resettlement Centre near Kai Tak. From left: Mr R. H. Labo, President of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce, Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, Mr A. de O. Sales, Jaycee Regional Vice-President, and Mr Peter B. Watts, Jaycee World President. (Staff Photographer)



PLAYERS who took part in the annual cricket match last Sunday between the Students and Staff of Hongkong University. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken at the Kowloon Union Church last Sunday on the occasion of the christening of Iain Ross Rankin, infant son of Mr and Mrs A. Rankin. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM watching a little girl weaving during her visit to the Queen Elizabeth Youth Centre in Kowloon on Monday. She also visited other welfare centres on the mainland. (Staff Photographer)



THE President's table at the annual dinner dance of the St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association held at the Ritz last week. Left to right: Dr Li Shu-pui, Mrs H. Tsang, Mr Alfred S. K. Lau (President), Mrs Li Shu-pui and the Rev. F. R. Myhill. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: At the presentation of the Grinham Cup to winners of the South China Morning Post Sports Association doubles ping-pong championship. The winners, Chan Hung and Lai Siu-cheung, are in centre, and between them is Mr W. A. Grinham, who presented the trophy. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Hongkong Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club teams who played in the annual Hancock Shield match last week-end. KCC recaptured the trophy. (King's)



BELOW: The two successful South China Athletic Club soccer teams who swept the field last Saturday by winning both the Senior and Junior Shield matches. (Staff Photographer)

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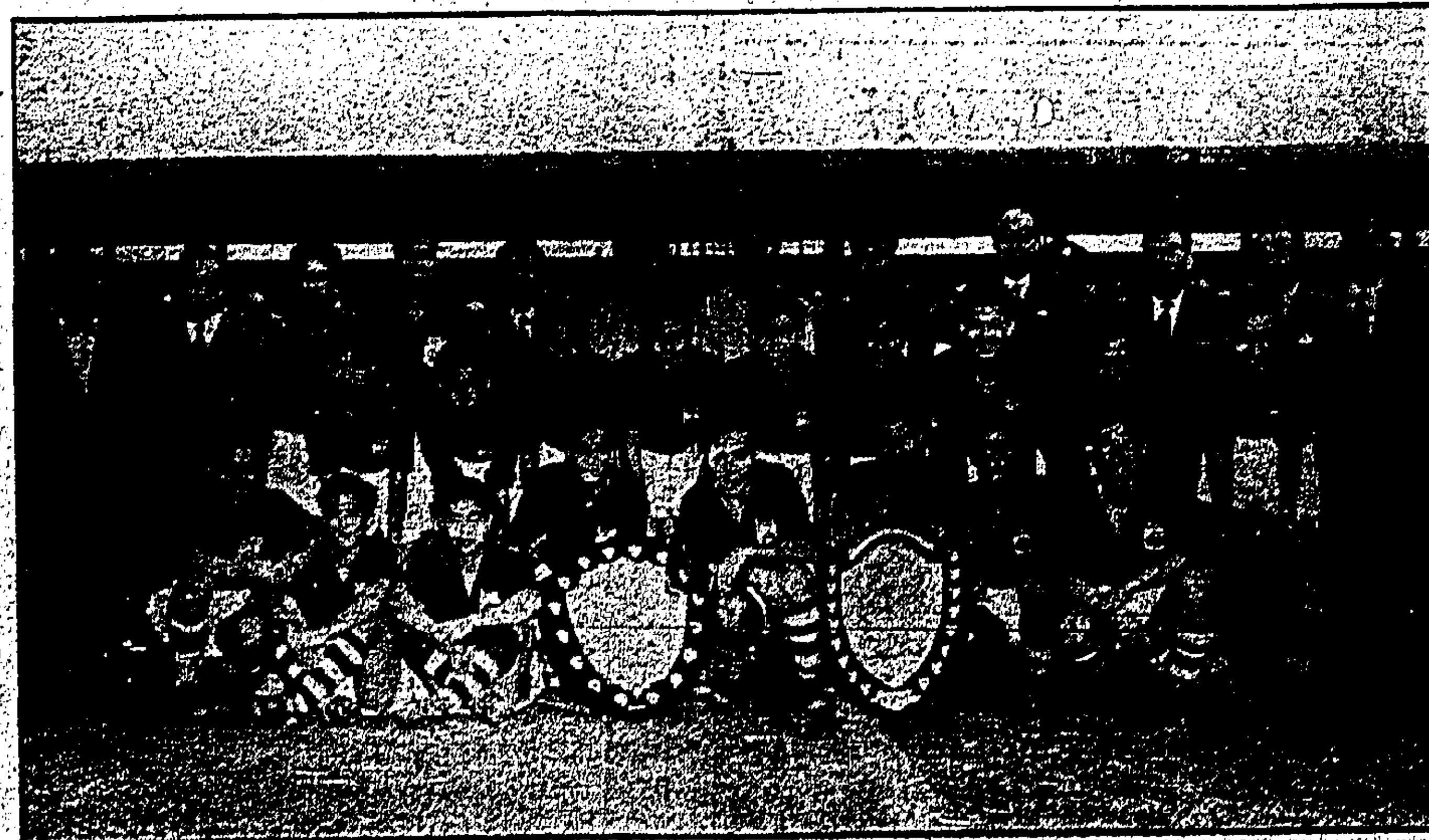
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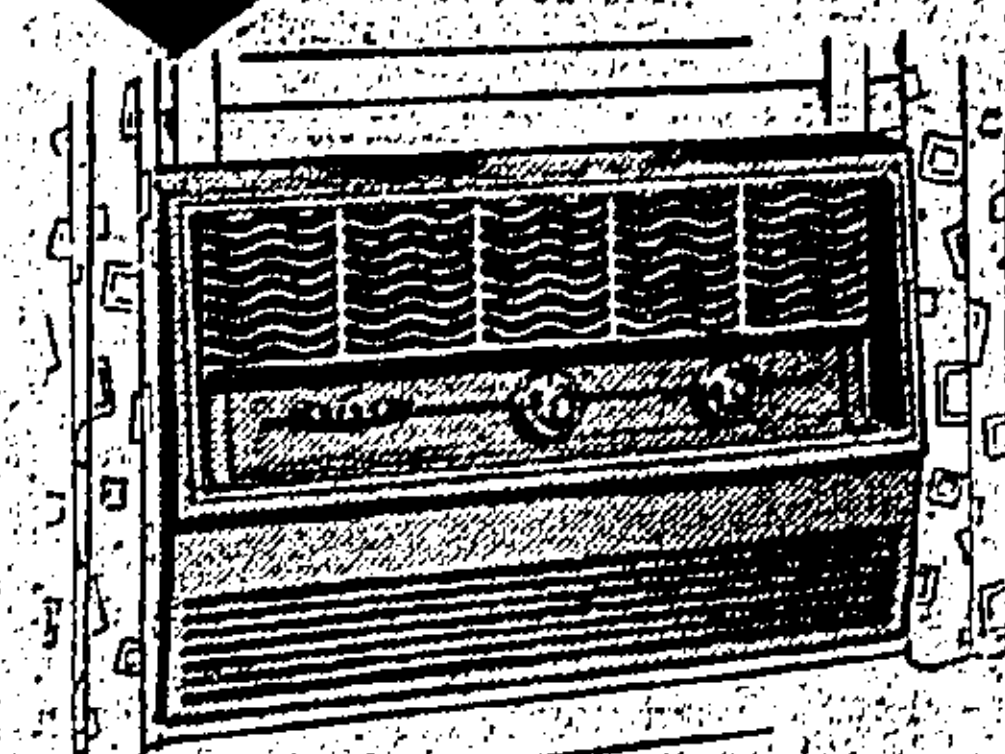
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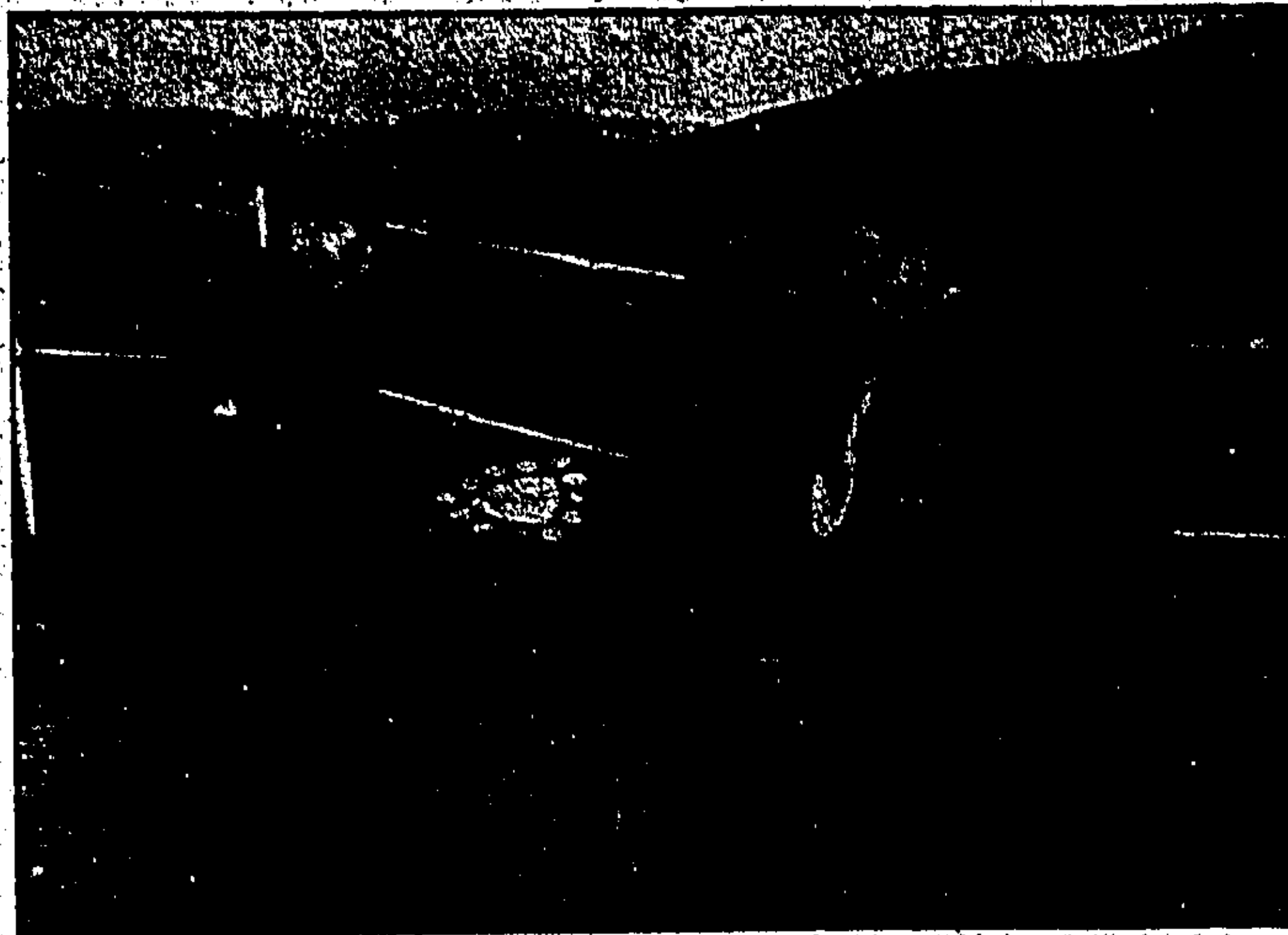
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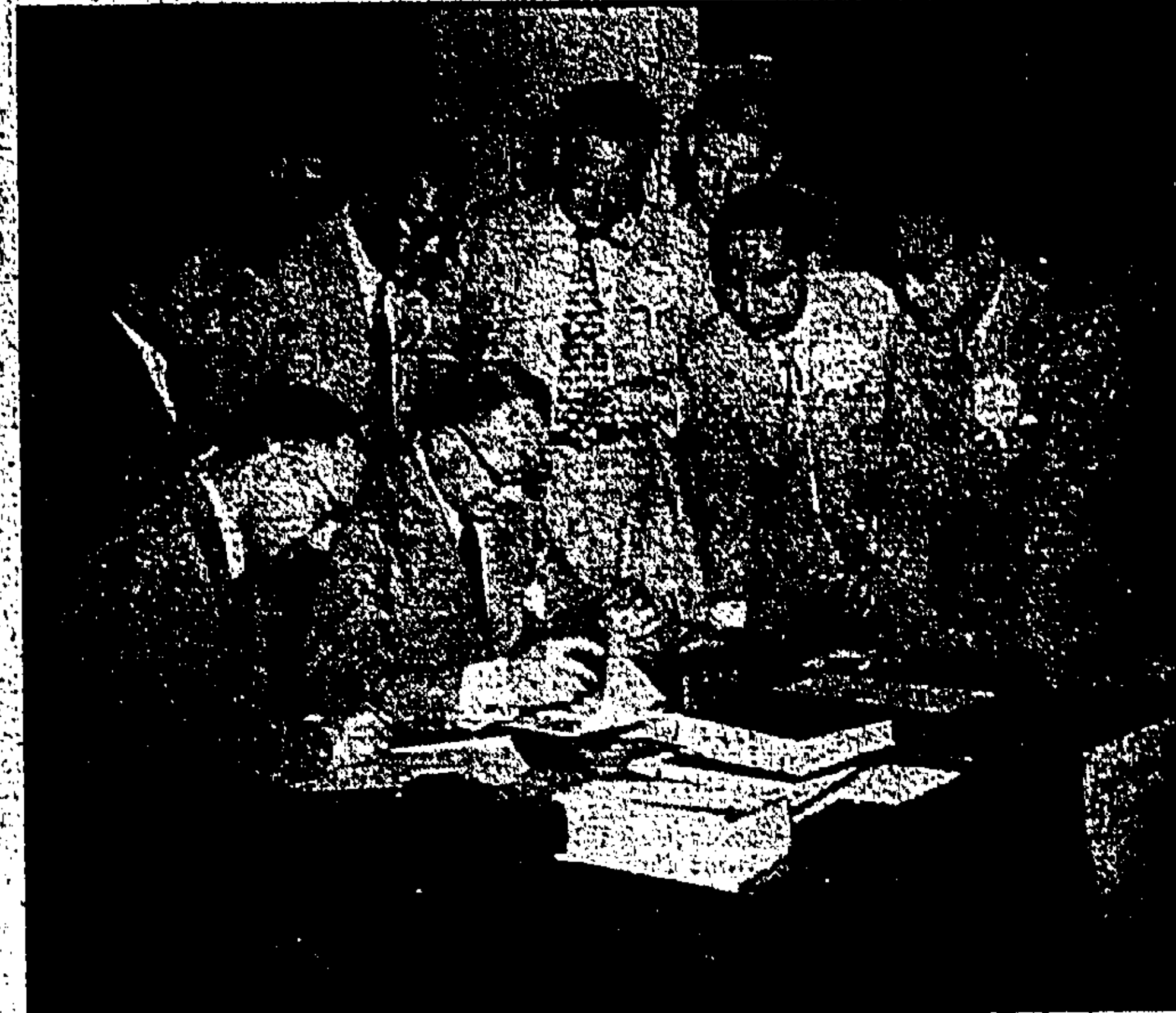
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RIFLEMAN Lulbahadur Limbu, captain of the 2/7 Gurkhas "White" team, who won the annual Army Khud Race in the New Territories last week, receiving the challenge shield from Mrs C. S. Sugden. (Staff Photographer)



CHECKING doubtful votes at the close of the Urban Council election. Mr Brooke A. Bernacchi (centre) and Mr P. C. Woo (extreme right) won re-election to the two seats. (Staff Photographer)



AT the annual HM Dockyard cocktail party on Wednesday. Top picture shows His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham with Commodore A. H. Thorold (left) and Captain and Mrs H. I. G. Rylands. Admiral Sir Charles Lamb is seen in conversation with the Very Rev. F. S. Temple in lower picture. (Staff Photographer)



MR Sydney A. Lane, leader of the British trade delegation which left for Peking last Sunday, talking to reporters before entraining at the Tsimshatsui station. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Charles Lam Leung-sang photographed after their wedding. The bride is the former Miss Anna Lo Oi-ling.



AT St John Ambulance Brigade Headquarters last Sunday during the competition for the Ralph Shield, which was won by Mainland Area. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Robert P. Finnerty toast each other at the Repulse Bay Hotel reception following their wedding last week. The bride was formerly Miss Lillian Chu. (CAT)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs A. Anderson at the christening of their infant son, Michael Robert. The ceremony took place last Sunday at St John's Cathedral. (Staff Photographer)

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THE new Committee of the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association, taken after the annual meeting and dinner at the China Restaurant. Fourth and fifth from left, seated, are the new President, Mr B. Pasco, and the outgoing President, Mr Cheung U-pui. (Staff Photographer)

WET WEATHER WEAR

RAINCOATS BY AQUASCUTUM  
SILK UMBRELLAS  
"K" SHOES.

**MACKINTOSH'S**  
ALEXANDRA ARCADE  
DES VOEUX ROAD



★ ★ ★

## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

## ARTHRITIS IS NOT HOPELESS

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

TOO often the patient with arthritis takes a resigned attitude, saying, "There's nothing can be done unless the case is suitable for cortisone, or ACTH—and mine isn't."

That's wrong. There's plenty to be done, as emphasized in numerous articles in the medical literature, and particularly in exhibits at the last two meetings of the American Medical Association. Drs. Dwight D. Ensign and John W. Sigler point out, for example, the importance of earlier recognition and treatment for better results. In this patient plays a vital part, since it is obvious that the doctor can make no diagnosis until he sees the patient.

Early recognition not only saves the patient and his doctor

the "jump" on the disease from the standpoint of treatment, but often saves the necessity for expensive tests.

## TWO MAIN TYPES

There are two principal types of arthritis, if one excludes other special disease involving the joints. These are osteoarthritis and rheumatoid arthritis. Osteoarthritis is the "wearing out" type which comes with aging, and which may be found in greater or less degree in most older persons. It is not usually accompanied by general or systemic indications such as fever, anemia, "run-down" feelings or loss of weight. There may be overweight and often is fatigue may also be a prominent symptom. This kind of arthritis affects men and women alike. It is not usually manifest until the middle years. It progresses slowly, and seldom causes serious deformity. It may follow injury to a joint. It involves mainly the joints near the tips of the

toes and fingers, the knees, the hips and the spine.

Osteoarthritis can be helped greatly by simple measures of treatment begun early. These include the taking of aspirin as directed by the physician, plus heat, gentle massage, dietary control, adequate rest and above all, reassurance. As in many chronic diseases, emotional factors may have a strong influence—the unfavourable makes the patient feel worse, the favourable improves him. Most important is the realization that the occasional attacks during which the joints involved may be sore to the touch, are not going to progress to serious deformity or disability.

The rheumatoid type of arthritis is quite a different story. The name is unfortunate, harking back to the indefinite and inaccurate term "rheumatism," which is also applied to acute rheumatic fever, and should really be abandoned. This type of arthritis tends to attack

younger persons—between 20 and 40, and is three times as frequent in women as in men. Its cause is unknown. It is a general disease often with low-grade fever, pallor, anemia, and loss of weight. Joints once affected never return completely to normal. There is a strong tendency to rapid progression toward crippling with much pain. In severe cases, there may be dislocations of the joints; deformity of limbs is common from muscle contractions which pull the points out of their normal relationships. As an end stage, there may be bony or fibrous fixations of the joints.

## EARLY TREATMENT

Treatment of rheumatoid arthritis must be begun early for good results. Despite the publicity given to cortisone and ACTH, these are not the only remedies. Usually the first thing the doctor tries to do is give the patient as much comfort as possible. This involves general rest, and specific rest for involved joints, with light splinting. Passive motion and exercise may be combined with splinting to avoid fixations. There will need to be a broad programme of general health measures, particularly in the emotional realm. Local heat, dry or wet, may be utilised. Nutrition receives special attention.

The special medications, such as gold salts, ACTH and cortisone, involving complicated medical considerations, are, of course, best left to the judgment of the physician.

The main point here is—arthritis is NOT hopeless.

## It's Easy To Make This Table For Two

HERE is a table for two that's graceful to see and simple to make.

It can be drawn up close to the fire in winter, with room enough for two to enjoy a comfortable meal. When not in use, it can easily fold up. Just turn a clip, tilt up the top and turn the other clip to fasten it in position.

Put pots of plants on the dowels... and then you have a plant stand too!

So are you ready to start work, you Do-It-Yourselfers? Then off we go.

**TOOLS:** Tenon saw, coping saw, brace with  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. bit and  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. drill, ruler, hammer, screw-driver, and plane.

## MATERIALS:—

Top: One piece, 2ft. x 1ft. 5ins., of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. plywood.

Legs: One piece, 2ft. 6ins. x 1ft. 3ins., of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. plywood.

Rails: Three  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter dowels, 3ft. long.

Three 1 in. and two  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. screws, a few pins, glue, sandpaper, paint, and a small strip of metal are also needed.

**DIRECTIONS:** Using the line-squared graph as a guide to size, draw the V-shape on to a piece of paper.

With this as pattern, draw the shape twice on to a piece of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. plywood. Arrange the V-shapes to fit inside one another to save material. Cut with a tenon and coping saw.

Smooth the edges with a plane and sandpaper, and mark and cut out  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. holes in ends.

Cut the three  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dowels in half to make six 1ft. 6in. lengths, and sandpaper.

To assemble, glue all the dowels, except the pivoting one into the holes, letting them protrude  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. through the ends;

Above is the table ready for serving a meal—

for two.

With a close-up on the right of the table as it folds when not in use, serving as a plant stand.

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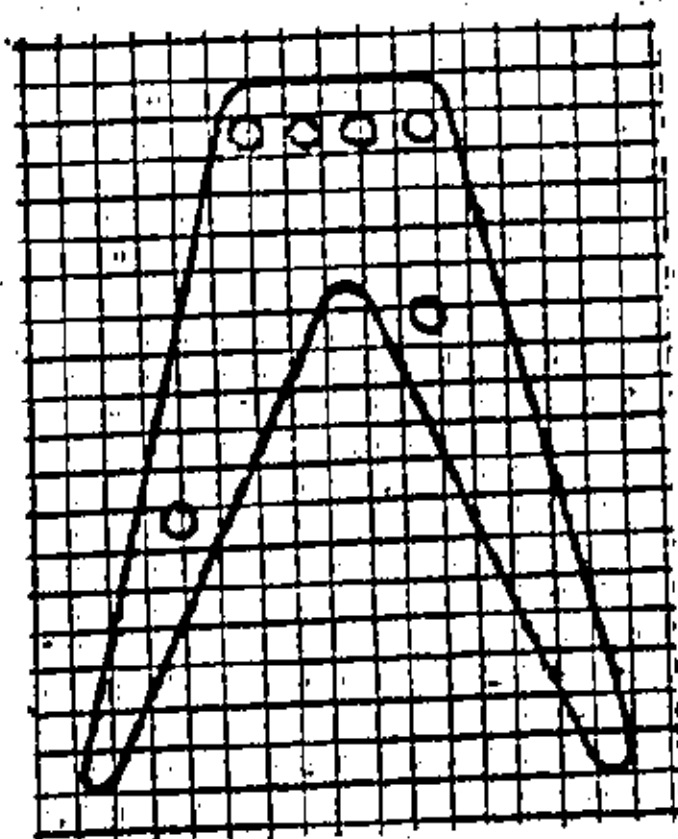
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## Two shades

To fix the top, put the frame and top upside down in position, keeping the centres of the two absolutely aligned, and put three screws through the pivot dowel into the top.

Fit two turn buttons made from thin strips of metal on the underneath of the table, one to keep the top in position when in use as a table, the other when folded.

To finish paint the top in pale grey and the ends in red.



Use this as a guide for making your table.

## BABY'S "CRADLE CAP"

By H. N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

MANY new parents become unduly worried when a crust forms on their young offspring's head. Usually this "cradle cap" occurs over the baby's soft spot. It is not an unusual condition.

Regular washing of the baby's head with soap and water might prevent formation of cradle cap. If it does form, however, it is usually fairly easy to remove.

## HOW TO TREAT IT

First, pour a little sweet oil into a saucer. Dip your fingers into it and rub it gently onto the baby's scalp. Petroleum jelly may be used instead of sweet oil, if you prefer. Let him keep the oil on all night. Be sure to cover the bed sheet with a diaper or towel to prevent soiling.

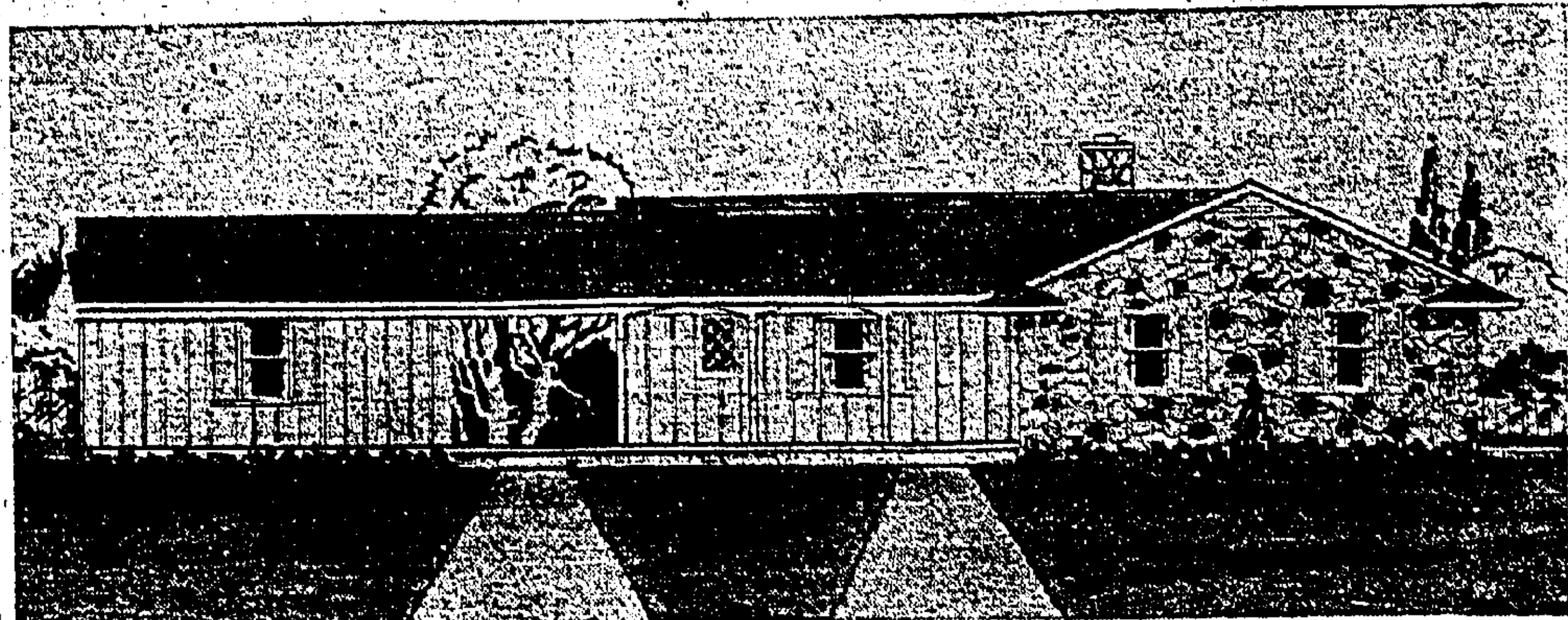
Next morning, wash his scalp thoroughly with a mild soap and warm water. Soap his hair and scalp with your wet hand which has been rubbed over the soap, using a circular motion. Rub gently, but don't be afraid to wash his soft spot.

Rinse his scalp thoroughly with clean water and wash cloth. Then dry it with a towel, again using a circular motion. Comb the scalp with a fine-tooth comb, being careful not to injure it.

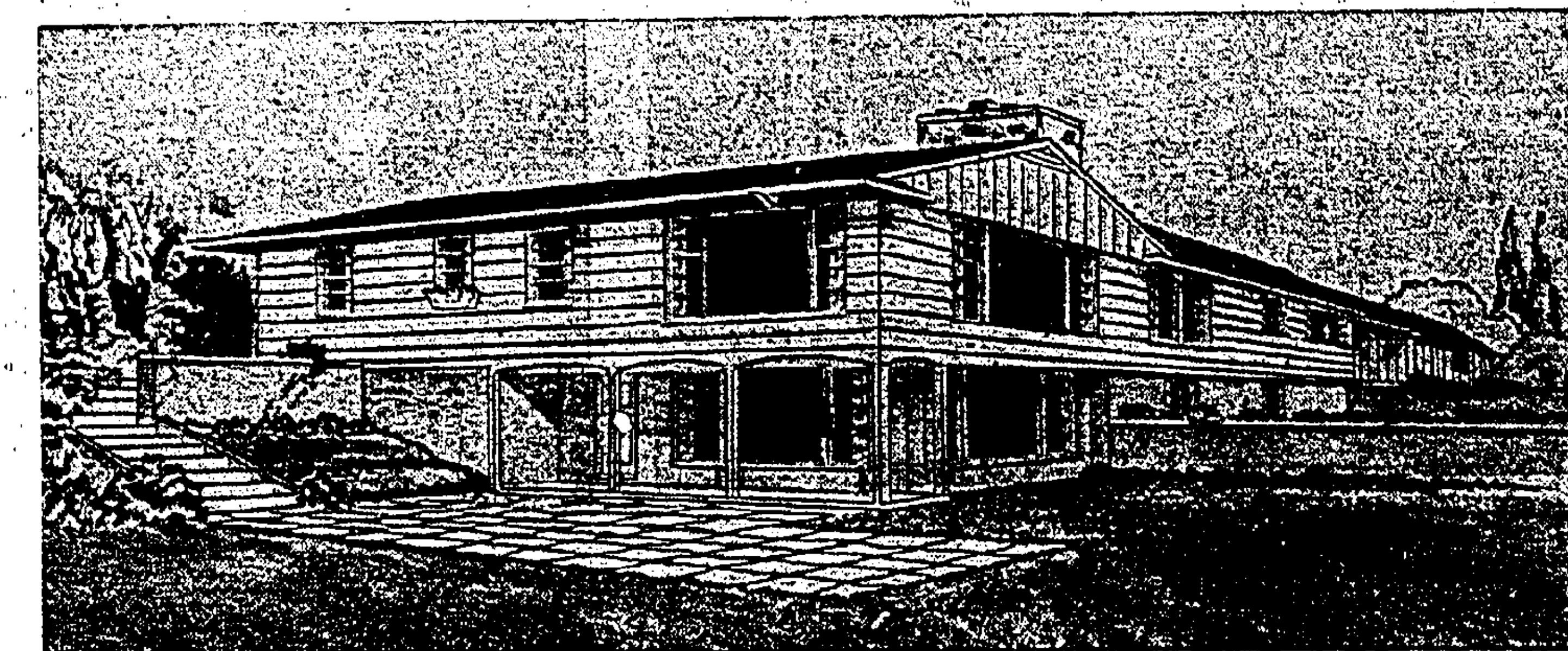
This should help remove the crusts. It won't, however, prevent them from forming again.

The best thing to do after the crusts have been removed is to rub boric acid ointment onto the baby's scalp each night for a week or two. This may keep the crusts from returning.

## Handsome Hillside House



FROM THE FRONT, there's not a hint that this home is a hillside design. It looks like a ranch house, with breezeway and garage lending it a long line. The fieldstone wing which houses the bedrooms, juts out considerably from the wood porch-entry area.



THE BACK VIEW. The bedroom wing makes the foot of the L-shaped plan. Living room picture windows turn the corner of the L, and, at right, the rear of dining room, kitchen, breezeway and garage are visible. Note picture windows in basement.

By Joan O'Sullivan

PLANNING to build high on a hill with a beautiful view of the surrounding scene? You'll need a special plan. Here's one for a home with seven well-lighted rooms spread out in a pleasing L-shaped design.

The side entrance is via the breezeway. Step inside and there's a closet to your right, a dining nook and the kitchen to your left, a hall that leads to other areas of the house straight ahead.

Small and cozy, the breakfast nook is part of the compact kitchen. Appliances are placed, corridor style, along opposite walls, thus making the most efficient use of the small floor area.

It's a step from kitchen to dining room, which has built-in china cabinets, and shares a two-way fireplace with the living room.

The front entrance hall, which branches off to the bedroom section, opens on the dining room as well as the living area, which is a

spacious room. Two picture windows, on adjacent walls, flood it with light and air, and built-in book shelves flank the fireplace.

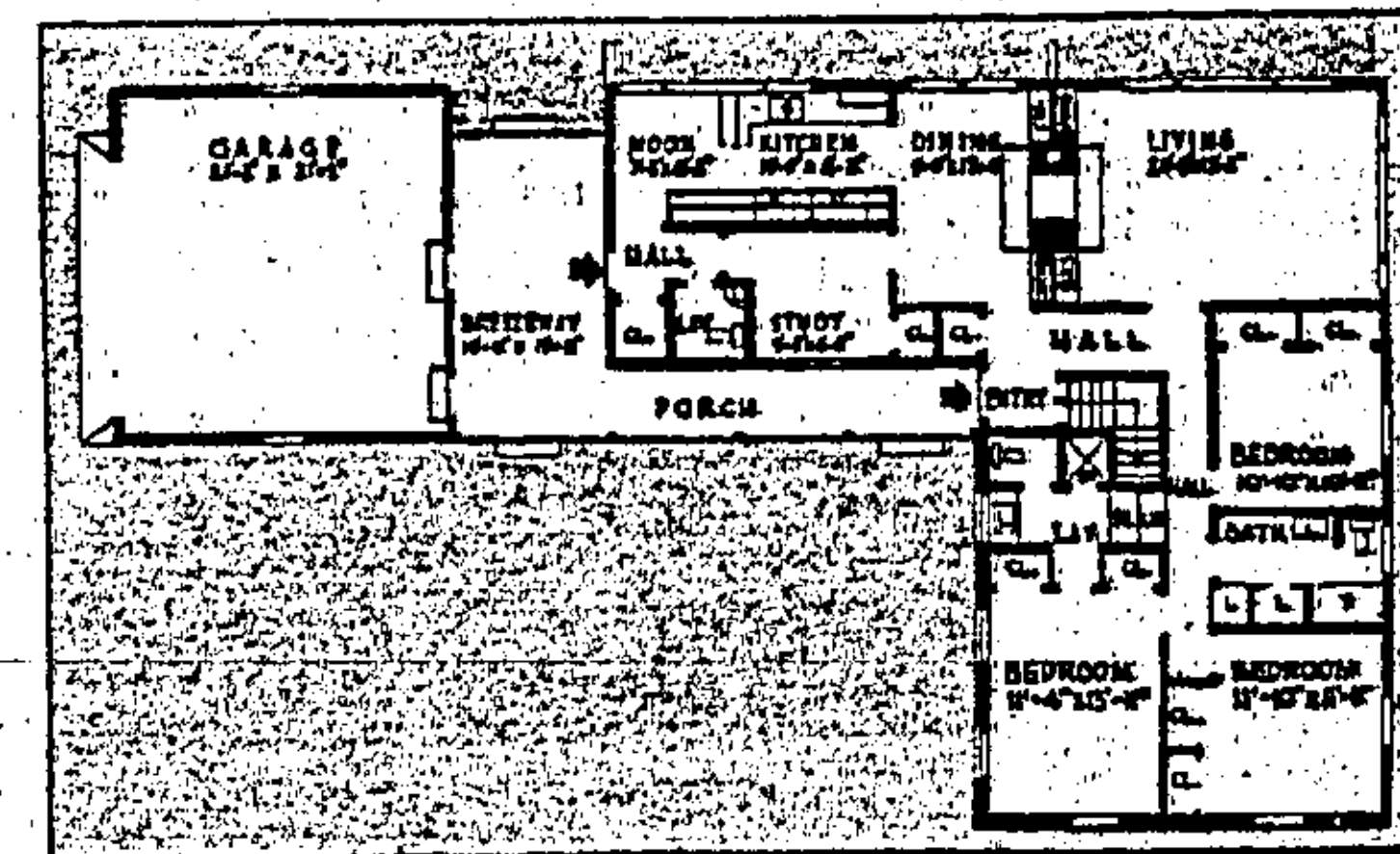
The bedroom wing has three bedrooms, each with two wardrobe closets. The two smaller bedrooms share a bath, while the master bedroom has a private lavatory with stall shower.

Near the kitchen, a small study could make a fourth bedroom. It has a clothing closet and, next to the study, there's a lavatory.

The basement is a beauty, with a large recreation room that, like the living room above it, has two picture windows, making it bright and airy. A doorway leads out to the terrace. Storage space and a basement lavatory complete the plan.

The steps leading up from the terrace show how a sloping lot is treated.

All told, the design comprises 33,559 cubic feet.



THE STUDY and the bedroom wing look out on the front grounds, while living room, dining room and kitchen face the garden at back.

## A Collection Of Recipes From Different Lands

By Alice Denhoff

FRESH vegetables are essential to a good, well-rounded diet, so why not make eating for health a pleasant adventure as well?

The following recipes have been gathered from many lands, each recipe designed to show how each country uses its fresh produce.

India is our first stop.

To make a hot, spicy vegetable dish, Bhujia, the recipe to serve 4 or 5, begin by preparing 1 1/2 c. diced raw potatoes and 2 c. diced eggplant (1/2-in. cubes for both).

Heat 5 tsp. olive oil. Add eggplant, potatoes, 2 tsp. chopped onion, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. ground turmeric, 1/4 tsp. powdered dry mustard, 1/4 tsp. ground ginger, 1/4 tsp. ground cayenne pepper.

Cook until golden brown, stirring constantly.

Add 1/2 c. boiling water. Cover.

Cook until vegetables are tender, and until all liquid has evaporated—10 to 15 min.

Now to Guatemala for a helping of Stuffed Small Squashes. So Calabacitas it is, the recipe to serve 4.

Wash 4 small squashes and cut a heavy skillet. Add squash in lengthwise halves, removing seeds and stringy portion. Scoop lightly browned. Add 1 c. diced out most of the squash and chop tomatoes, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. black pepper.

Saute 2 tsp. minced onion in 2 tsp. butter. Add squash pulp

2 chopped, hard-cooked eggs, 1/2 c. grated, sharp Cheddar cheese, 2 raw eggs, beaten, 2 tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. ground black pepper.

Pile mixtures into squash shells. Sprinkle with 1/3 c. soft bread crumbs. Dot with 1/4 c. butter or margarine. Place in 8x12x2-in. baking pan. Pour in 1/2 c. boiling water.

Bake 30 min. or until crumbs are brown and mixture is set in a preheated oven at 375° F.

From Armenia comes Aghstau Hagegan, a fresh vegetable salad that is just a little exotic.

For 6 servings, place in a salad bowl, 2 c. sliced cucumbers, 1 1/2 c. sliced radishes, 1 c. sliced celery, 1/4 c. chopped walnuts or pistachio nuts, and 16 ripe olives, sliced.

Combine 1/4 c. olive oil, 1/2 c. cider vinegar, 2 tsp. fresh lemon juice and 2 tsp. salt.

Pour over vegetables. Toss lightly until all vegetables are thoroughly coated. Garnish with whole ripe olives.

Next another squash dish, this one from Italy.

To prepare 4 to 6 servings, wash, peel and cut 1 lb. squash into 2x1/2-in. strips. Wash and cut 3 medium green peppers into similar strips.

Heat 1/2 c. olive or salad oil in a heavy skillet. Add squash and pepper strips, and fry until seeds and stringy portion. Scoop lightly browned. Add 1 c. diced out most of the squash and chop tomatoes, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. black pepper.

Saute 2 tsp. minced onion in 2 tsp. butter. Add squash pulp

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ANOTHER OF NESTLE'S GOOD THINGS

## One Step From Baby To "Big Boy"

By CARRY C. MYERS, Ph.D.

SUPPOSE you have concluded that your child six years old is over-dependent on you. Suppose you still feed, or help feed him.

This is a rather easy problem. All you need do is just to quit feeding or helping feed him. You might, however, cut some of his meat for him, or of his meat for him, or gradually leading him to do this himself.

## BEING PATIENT

If you still wash and bathe and dress him, the problem is harder. You will need to withdraw the help less rapidly, and be very patient, to cause him gradually, being very sure to show strong pleasure and approval at his growing self-reliance. Certainly you won't be critical of a bit of dirt he leaves on his knees or knuckles, or let yourself get angry enough to scrub him roughly. If he still wants you to stay in his room at bedtime, or come

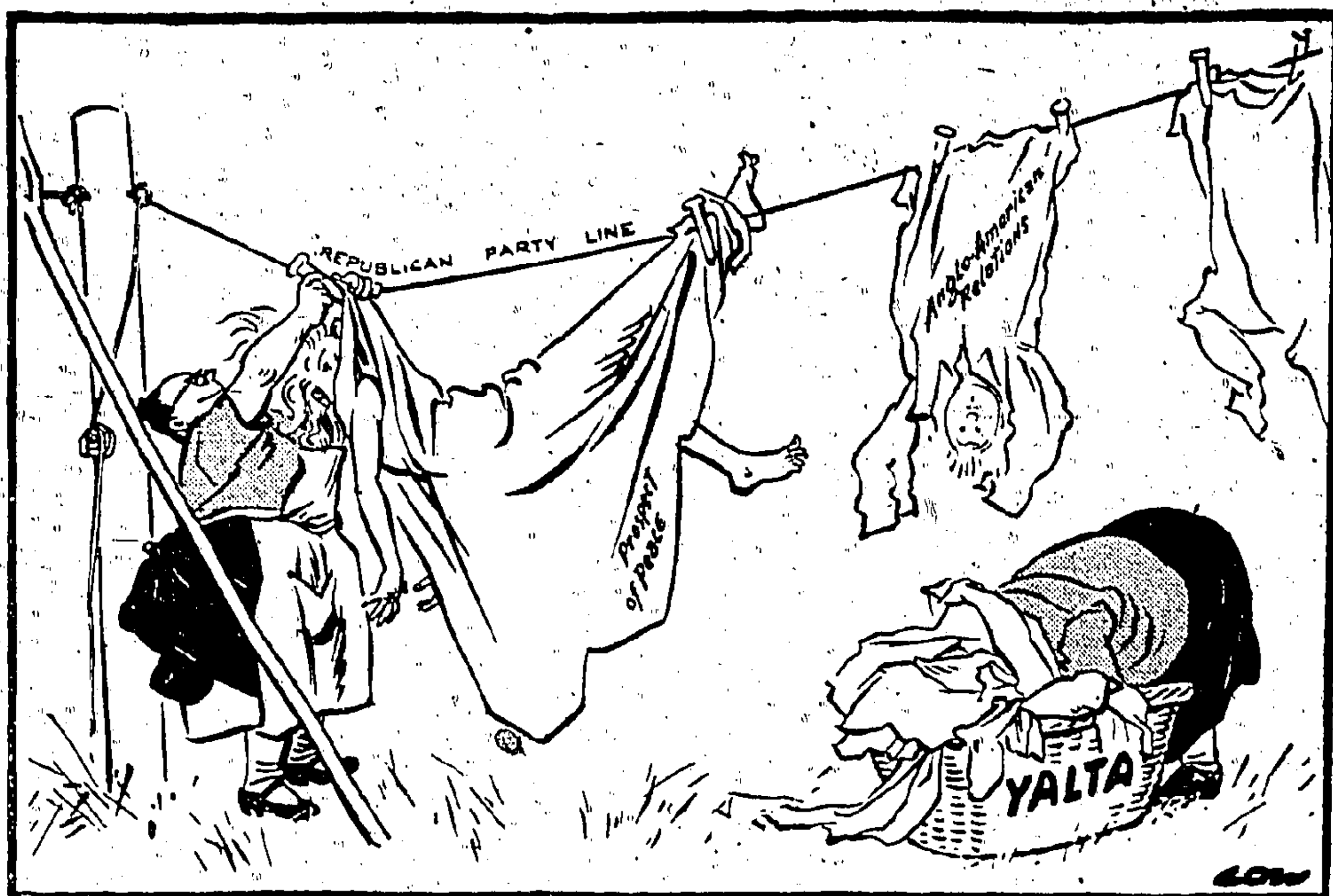
to you on waking up in the night, you will hardly quit all these ministries suddenly, especially if you suspect he has strong fears in a dark room alone.

Rather, you will work gradually to help him grow more self-sufficient in these directions. If he wishes, you would let him leave his door open, with a dim light on outside at bedtime. Should he awaken in the night and call, or if Dad had reassured him. If he evinces undue discomfort on your leaving him at home, you should be rather decisive, always letting him know beforehand when, and for how long, you plan to leave him.

## BUDGETING TIME

If he has grown over-dependent on you for amusement, you would not withdraw this all at once. If, for example, you or Dad had spent long daily periods at a stretch reading to him, playing games with him, you would budget certain shorter periods for this. In the meanwhile, you would help him acquire skills and interests for more self-amusement and amusement with other children.





WASHINGTON WASH-DAY

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## THREE YEARS THAT MAY DECIDE THE FATE OF MANKIND

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

WE do not need to summon the language of horror nor paint the picture of hell to describe what happened when an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. It was perhaps the most important moment in the history of scientific destruction.

One hundred thousand people were killed but, of course, there were not enough survivors to take away the bodies, and no place to put them if they had.

That was, as I have said, on August 6. Three days later, a second atomic bomb was dropped on the shipbuilding and arms centre of Nagasaki. Perhaps you will recall that Puccini's tender opera, "Madama Butterfly," is set in Nagasaki. In fact, the act opens with the sounds of seamen in the harbour preparing their ships for the day's work.

The important thing about the Nagasaki bomb was that it happened to be definitely superior to the one dropped on Hiroshima. In fact, so much so that Nagasaki was burning fiercely, like an erupting volcano. It was impossible to count the dead.

Simultaneously Allied planes dropped more than three million leaflets over Japanese cities, telling the people that we were now using the atomic bomb and urging them to appeal to their Emperor to sue for peace.

On August 10, four days after Hiroshima, the Japanese Government asked for surrender terms.

It is a story to chill the soul, yet which of us has the right to condemn either the men who made the bombs or the airmen who flew them to their destination? The logical mind might even argue that the dead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki saved hundreds of thousands who would have lost their lives if the war had been prolonged.

But when we have admitted that argument, when we have paid tribute to the unarmed scientists who gave us this supreme weapon of destruction, and when we acknowledge our debt to the airmen who delivered the attacks, we then must stand in mute grief and shame that mankind has had to turn to such things.

I have often wondered what went through the minds of the three airmen who were given the task of flying the bomb and releasing it over Hiroshima.

They were Americans and, therefore, they did not have the immediate resentment which British airmen would have had because of the bombing of British cities.

At any rate, like the officers of the Light Brigade at Balclava, theirs was not to reason why. Theirs was to do and kill. As commissioned officers they had to carry out their orders. In the mad insanity of war there must be discipline, and certainly no one could accuse the Americans of having caused or provoked the war.

### HORROR

YET I do not doubt that in the long flight through the cloudless Oriental skies those men must have felt some pulse of horror, even though their minds were concentrated on the task set for them. But they were obeying orders, and it was their duty to do so.

The same must be said of the scientists whose genius and endless research had spilt the atom. It is not the fault of science that it has been made the instrument of destruction. It would be chaotic and cowardly if they did not place their genius at the disposal of the nations which had given them birth.

That, however, was just over ten years ago. What of today? And what of tomorrow? In a recent speech of great power Sir Winston Churchill gave us a feeling of limited comfort by prophesying that there will be no world war for the next three years. He did not mean that at the end of three years we would necessarily spring at each other's throats, but merely informed us that the aggressive powers, which constitute the threat to world peace, need that period to catch up with the non-aggressive powers.

### UNWORTHY

WHAT, then, are we to do with these short years of grace? Certainly we must go on storing up bigger and better bombs. The laboratories have become our first line of defence. The sailor, the soldier and the airman wait at their door.

I suppose our fighting forces will still be equipped with what are fondly described as "conventional weapons" but it is the unconventional weapon which will determine the issue. Yet when the scientist has done his best, and the two halves of the world are as prepared as their resources permit, are we then to resign ourselves to a fatalistic acceptance of the inevitability of war?

The human conscience should be outraged at the very suggestion. War is not inevitable, nor is peace impossible. If we believe otherwise, we would be unworthy of our place in history. In the human and animal kingdoms, fear is perhaps the strongest and the most dangerous emotion. Yet fear is the

strong—but let us be just. Let us warn the aggressor, but let us try to end the fears that haunt him. Let us speak words that will pass the most impenetrable frontiers and find their place in the souls of men.

Only then shall we be able to look back upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki and say that the tragedy and the shame of it were part of the tragedy and the shame of the human race. Only then shall we be able to look into the future and say: "We have done everything we could to prevent the use of atomic weapons, and we have striven to the utmost to bring peace on earth and goodwill to men."

Three years of grace! As we use that brief period of time, so we may decide the story of mankind for untold centuries ahead.

### It's Still ADAM VERSUS EVE

LOOKS like being a 'pretty grim future for us, eh? As likely as not we shall all in our old age become anti-drones destined to die in harness for the sake of all those women who will by then be sitting in retirement quietly enjoying their knitting and afternoon tea.

### CHALLENGE

DO not let us fail to acknowledge the splendour of President Eisenhower's efforts to make America as mighty in the struggle for peace as she would be in the conflict of war. The spirit is the man—and the spirit of President Eisenhower adds dignity to mankind.

Look at the world today and say, if you dare, that you see no hope. Certainly a man would have to be without his wits if he saw no dangers ahead, but I claim that we are right in allowing our hopes to exceed our fears.

It is a healthy sign when Russia declares that there must be a great increase of foodstuffs in the Soviet. No government, however armed or policed, can deny for ever the simple essentials that its people demand. No revolution can continue for ever, because in the process of time the revolution becomes the regime. The Kremlin may not have wished or willed it, but today it has to consider Russian public opinion.

Let us honour the scientists who have done their solemn duty in making the Western world go along that only a suicidal or madman country would attack us. The story of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is a terrible one, but let me repeat the argument that by inflicting a hideous death upon a few thousands of innocent people it may have saved the lives of countless others and the lives of generations yet unborn. If there is any way we should meet the challenge of Churchill's three years of grace, let us be

## He was born 150 years ago today HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

By GERARD BOURKE

THERE lived at Odense, in central Denmark, a poor cobbler and his washerwoman wife whose only son, Hans, was born on April 2, 1805. . . . So began the true fairy-tale of one of the greatest writers of fantasy, Hans Christian Andersen.

His father hoped that Hans would not have to spend his life at a dreary trade like his own, and delighted to see the boy obsessed with a burning theatrical spirit. From rags and small pieces of leather, he would quickly fashion tiny figures for his puppet theatre, animating them with childish chatter.

A neighbour, widow Bunkelund, saw the fair-haired boy, ill-proportioned as a young stork, playing with his miniature theatre and invited him home. During the long winter evenings, she read him famous stories and songs from Danish literature.

After the early death of Hans's father, his mother remarried another cobbler. But her new husband was idle, and while washing clothes in the icy rivers, she wished her son would join a profitable trade.

### First Play

Hans Christian saw his first real play when a company arrived from Copenhagen. He haunted the theatre so long that at last he was given a one-word part dressed as a page in fine silks. Shortly afterwards, although only 13 years old, he persuaded his mother to let him travel alone to Copenhagen to find work in his chosen world. He carried letters of introduction from a few wealthy burghers, friends of the widow, who had already shown interest in the lad's enthusiasm.

On arrival he went straight to Count Holsten, director of the Royal Theatre, and pleaded to join the company or, at least, the famous ballet school attached to the theatre. The Count was astonished at his appearance. But he recognised the boy's passionate love of the theatre. He made gentle excuses, however, and tried to

persuade him to return home, since he was still almost illiterate. Next Hans Christian tried using some of the letters he bore, visiting each home in turn, and singing to the surprised owner in a clear treble. To Professor Guldberg went the honour of first protecting the boy and arranging for him to have regular meals with his servants. He also planned some private tuition, and later found him a place with the historic Royal Ballet.

Unfortunately his lanky build made success impossible as a dancer, yet the kindly director allowed him to appear as a goblin in some unimportant ballets. So appeared the now famous poster, announcing "Andersen-Troll."

### Folk Tales

His first attempts at writing plays were based on folk tales told by his grandmother. And although "Alsol" and "The Robber of Visenborg" were loaded with grammatical errors, each hid unmistakable jewels. It was, in fact, through "Alsol" that he first met Councillor Collin, a director of the theatre, who became his first real adviser. He found him a state scholarship to a school at Slagelse, near Elsinore.

And so, after three years of brave perseverance, Hans Christian had his first proper tuition, though Latin and German grammar seemed dull indeed after theatrical dreams. He had to live with the headmaster and his wife, an ill-tempered pair, and was forbidden to scribble at plays during term.

With his ability recognised by the state through the scholarship, Hans Christian found himself invited to wealthy households to recite verses. And once his belated schooling was over, he returned to Copenhagen to live with the Councillor's family. A further scholarship came his way, enabling him to travel to Paris and Italy, where he profited from friendship with the Danish sculptor, Thorvaldsen. Adverse criticism of some of his first works did not dim his enjoyment of Italy.

Most Perfect "When I die," he wrote to Henrietta Collin, "I will haunt the lovely Neapolitan night." But marriage always eluded him. More than once he lost his girl to a better looking friend.

He himself, was by then very tall, with a quizzical head, and long, thin, pointed feet. Then appeared the stories which helped to make him so famous. Tales that may be read, too, as satires on conventions of the day, such as "The Tinder Box" and "Little Ida's Flowers." For though his ambition was to write dramas for the Royal Theatre, he was told: "The children's tales will make you immortal. They are the most perfect things you have done." Like Sir Arthur Sullivan, composer of the Savoy operas, he often felt that his talents were fundamentally serious.

Today in Copenhagen harbour, his "Little Mermaid" reclines in metal on a rock, not far from the seamen's district, Nyhavn, where he lived until the Prime Minister won him a substantial increase in his state pension.

His famous tale, "The Ugly Duckling," is, in fact, largely autobiographical. "Uncle Hans" exclaimed a little girl to whom he was reading it, "surely there must have been someone who knew the ugly duckling was really a swan?"

"Jonas," he replied sadly, "if you had been born sooner, how different the story might have been."

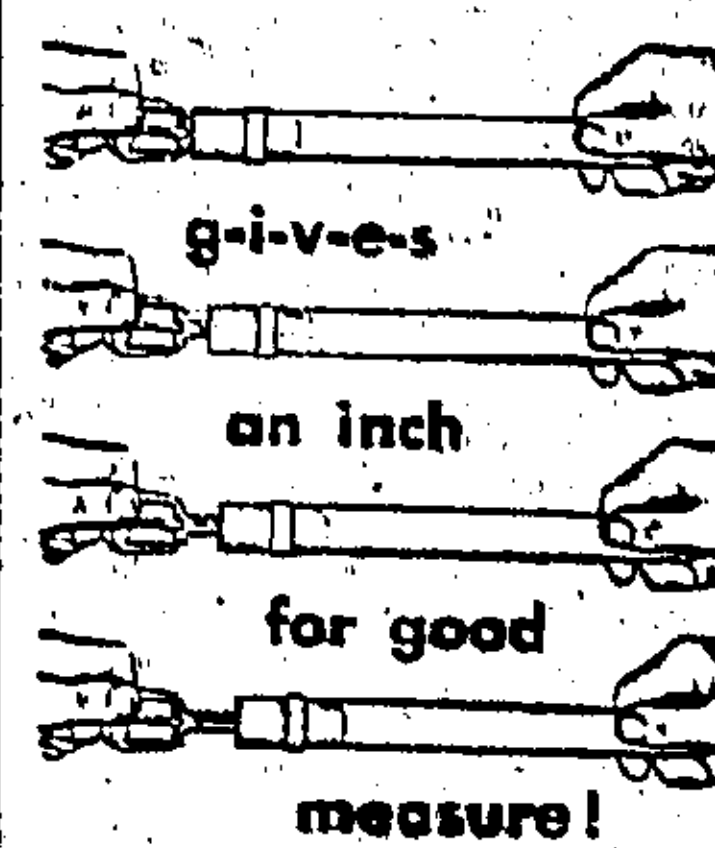
Towards the end of his life, he met Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," a spirit strangely like his own. During his visits to London they spent much time together, and he attended many of her Covent Garden opera performances. He also met Charles Dickens.

Although honoured in many lands, Hans Christian appreciated most the freedom of his home town, Odense, conferred on him amid scenes of great rejoicing in December 1887.

For a time before his death, shortly after his 70th birthday, his mind became partly deranged. In particular, he had a constant dread of being trapped by fire, and slept with a rope beside him for quick escape. It can still be seen, along with his battered travelling bag and pointed shoes, lying near a number of his manuscripts in the low timbered house at Odense where he was born.

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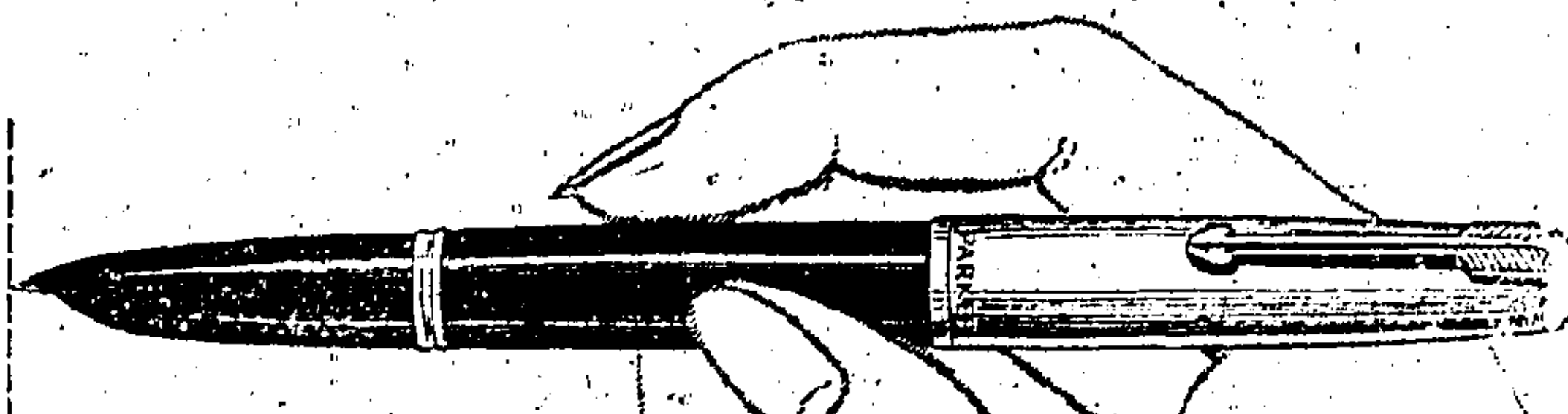
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POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

## PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**WHAT A WHOPPER!** In Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, Fred Tiltman went back home from a day's quiet fishing with the fish story to beat all others.

And the boys back at the club believed him.

Tiltman was sitting down at the river's edge, chewing away at his pipe, when he saw a line at it, hooked something. He gently felt the line.

It felt like something big.

"This," Tiltman whispered to his wife and two sons, "must be the king fish of them all. Don't make a sound."

Tiltman started winding in. His rod bent in half.

And up came a hippopotamus, wondering what the heck was going on. Half awash the hippo reversed, then wallowed off downstream, taking Tiltman's line and rod with it.

**BALD WOMEN** so far manage to keep it a secret when they are receding at the temples. But in 25 years, says 74-year-old Bill Robinson, they'll be the bald sex.

And Bill knows what he is talking about. He has been clipping the scissors for 60 years.

Far more women are bald these days than men, really know, says Bill. Reason—they've given up the hair brush. Sixty years ago, when Bill started in the business, women brushed their hair every night.

"Today they're afraid of brushing out the waves they pay to have put in."

By 1980, he says, it will be as natural to see a bald woman on the street as it is now to see a bald man.

**LOVELY HEARTS** Dutch people went to New Zealand in boats after the war, helping to boost the population of the thinly-peopled Dominion. And now they form the biggest foreign colony in the country.

Recently the Dutchmen took a look around and discovered there weren't enough Dutch girls to go round.

At the same time Dutch girls back home were discovering the same thing—the country was short of single men.

Now the Presbyterian Church in N.Z. has announced a marriage bureau scheme whereby single Dutchmen there can team up with lonely girls back home in Holland.

Applications will be accepted from both countries. Each applicant will have a "chart analysis" of the prospective partner and the church will get them writing to each other. Then it's up to the couples.

**HUMAN DANGER** Sammy was a seal with ideas. Sammy was obviously tired of the society of fishes. Sammy yearned for people. So he came out of the English Channel and landed on Deal beach.

Nobody paid any attention to him. A few curious stares were all he got.

Next day he was back for another try. Day after day he came back.

Eventually, he became quite a figure on the beach.

Then the officials of Deal Corporation found out about him. They bundled him into a car and took him to Dover where they put him back in the Channel again, hoping he would not find his way back to Deal.

**Reason**—They were afraid that Sammy would get hurt among the people. Human beings, the townsmen figured, were not good enough to associate with seals.

**NEW WORD** Chinese Red pagandists have a new word for people who don't like them—and they use it especially to describe Americans.

It is "Atomaniacs." And like soap-powder salesmen they're plugging the line for all its worth.

It figures in set outbursts such as: "The world cannot and will not be taken in by the lies of the atomaniacs."

**LAST PLACE** Looking for a new life three Jamaicans stowed away aboard the liner Resurgent while she was fueling in the Caribbean. For three days they hid behind bales of fodder carried for horses. Then hunger drove them out.

During the formal interview with the ship's captain the question of the liner's destination was not raised. When the Resurgent eventually docked the weather seemed very high-class for Britain, and the stowaways asked about it.

"This isn't Southampton," said a startled deckhand. It was the one place in the world where the West Indians did not want to be—Capetown, in colour-bar conscious South Africa.

They are to be deported back to the Caribbean.

**PLUSH** If a man means to be a CLASS a high-class waiter he ought to start training in a plush atmosphere.

This kind of reasoning by administrators of Slough Further Education College—sited near England's famed Eton College—has caused a rift in the local Education Committee.

It all began when a £175 carpet was bought so that trainee waiters could get used to the right sort of background. With the carpet came more than £15 worth of finest damask table napkins.

Now the Education Committee is split between the carpet-men and the anti-carpet men, led by accounts chairman Captain M. S. Davidson, who points out that in some London restaurants where he has dined the lack of carpets did not worry the waiters at all.

## THE WOMEN REVOLT

LYSISTRATA OF ARISTOPHANES. English version by Dudley Fitts. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d. 132 pages.

IT has taken the Postmaster-General of the United States 2,366 years to get round to a comedy, *Lysistrata*, written by the Athenian dramatist Aristophanes. Messrs Faber and Faber were quicker on the draw by just 37 days.

The verdicts of both parties on the play are in broad general agreement. The Postmaster-General described *Lysistrata* as "plainly lewd, obscene and lascivious." Faber and Faber call it the "gayest, wittiest, and bawdiest of all the classic comedies."

But the actions taken by the parties diverge widely. The Postmaster-General impounds *Lysistrata*. Faber and Faber publish the classic comedy.

**Political purpose**

So let it be said at once that *Lysistrata* is one of the most serious plays ever written. It had a purpose, a political purpose. It was written in the middle of a great war to urge the combatants that the war was foolish, and should be brought swiftly to an end.

Aristophanes, a Conservative aristocrat of Liberal outlook, the son of a well-to-do Athenian landowner, wrote the play in the darkest hour of the war, between Athens and Sparta.

A vast Athenian expeditionary force to Sicily had just been annihilated. Thousands mourned the loss of thousands of their sons, the cream of the Hellenic race. The most far-sighted of her citizens saw that she would never recover from the disaster.

For an Athenian playwright to choose that moment of all moments to present to the public a scurrilous and witty play pleading for peace showed considerable moral courage in the individual—and considerable toleration in the public. If a British playwright, in the weeks following Dunkirk, had presented on the West End stage a lively farce urging a negotiated peace with Hitler, he would have been imitating the bold, unpatriotic action of Aristophanes of 411 B.C.

This is the once-topical and ever-fresh comedy which comes

and their story is banned by America, 2000 years after it was written

under the displeasure of the American Postmaster-General and is newly translated into brisk American-English by Dudley Fitts.

Its theme is simple. The war between Athens and Sparta has been going on for so long that the women are bored by the absence of their husbands on military service.

The women's idea of organising against it is a revolt of wives and maidens. Spartan as well as Athenian.

**A brilliant idea**

"Either the war is brought to an end by 'a parley at the summit' or husbands and lovers will be denied marital rights and amorous privileges. The women's ultimatum is invoked with all the solemnity of a vow."

*Lysistrata* argues that war is harder on women than on men.

"A soldier's discharged, and he may be bald and toothless, yet he'll find a pretty young thing. But a woman! Her beauty has gone with the first grey hair."

In the end, the women—and the peace party—prevail. But before that point is reached Aristophanes has conducted a rollicking excursion into impropriety. The graver the subject, the more ribald should be the treatment. That is his sound recipe as a propagandist.

Is *Lysistrata* lewd or lascivious? It is calculated to amuse the broad-minded, liable to shock the straitlaced but not likely to corrupt anybody.

It is highly vulgar. But is it really smutty? It has about as much subtlety as a seaside postcard. It may rouse a snigger. It will hardly cause a snigger.

The new version of Dudley Fitts gives full value to the "innocent rough laughter" of Aristophanes. His Spartan herald is made to speak like a black-face minstrel: "Gentlemen, Ah beg you will be so kind as to direct me to the Central Committee. Ah have a communication."

The stately Greek choruses trip along like numbers from the latest revue.

It is all very modern, but then so is Aristophanes, in out-

look, topics and prejudices. He dislikes the demagogues who stir the basest passions of the mob; the armchair patriots and strategists who flourish in wartime; the informers who bathe on every totalitarian state; the lawyers; the highbrows; He was a Tory who liked the "good old ways." The world he pilloried was a world we can recognise, down to the taxation.

"What a great and happy land it is, in which all are welcome to pay up."

In 54 plays (of which 11 remain) he preached good sense in an age given over to frenzied emotions. Every Athenian laughed with him; none of them took him seriously.

Athens was ruined, after 27 years of war. *Lysistrata* lives on, to be impounded by the U.S. Postmaster-General and to be translated by Mr Fitts. It is not irrelevant in the age of the H-bomb.

**THOMAS HARDY.** By Evelyn Hardy. Hogarth Press. 25s. 342 pages.

DURING his life, Thomas Hardy was looked on with a mixture of veneration and reproach: 26 years after his death, his Wessex novels are put of fashion.

During his life, many people were shocked by what they called his "pessimism"—the sense of life's tragedy which grew upon him as his Christian belief faded.

He was, or seemed to be, a dangerous and persuasive heretic; one critic denounced him as "the village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot."

Now the ashes of the "village atheist" lie contrary to his own explicit desires—under the flagstones of Westminster Abbey with the other eminent agnostics of his era; and the dust gathers on the novels which caused so much uproar during the long, complacent Victorian evening.

The neglect is natural; the vogue will return. Hardy was

a careless hasty novelist; he thought that writing should not be too well disciplined, and he turned out his stories as weekly serials. He had a style which, it is said, could rise to sublimity without passing through the intermediate stage of being good. It was too rarely sublime.

But the vogue will come back because of the vitality, humour and poetry of his gallery of English rustic figures. He is the last great representative of the countryside in English fiction.

Hardy grew up in a Dorset village, son of a stone-mason. He taught Sunday school while his father played in the string band in church.

The Hardys were good church-going people. Until he was 25 Thomas thought he might be a parson; when he ceased to believe, he still insisted that church-going was a necessary moral discipline. He had the agnostic's usual interest in the occult.

He came to London to work as an architect. He was on the stage as a profession; acted once in pantomime. Then he began to write novels and, on his first success, married a Cornish girl named Emma Gifford. To escape the dinner parties and diversions of the capital, Hardy went back to Dorset.

He concealed for long years the fact that his childless marriage was increasingly unhappy. Emma developed a mild form of religious mania; began to think she had married beneath her and taunted Hardy with his peasant meanness. She started Edmund Gosse by the remark, "I beat my husband every morning—but only with a rolled-up newspaper." The house was peopled by Emma's cats; Hardy recoiled with a dog that bit Galsworthy.

**Outside way**

In 1912, after violent words, the most honoured figure in English literature had an outside stair built on to his self-designed (and hideous) house in Dorchester so that he could climb up to his study without meeting his wife. When she died, Hardy found in her room two huge manuscripts. One was called *Pleasure of Heaven* and the other, *What I think of my Husband*.

Hardy lit a fire in the grate, and burned both.

He took as his second wife, Florence Dugdale, who had been for long a friend both of his wife and himself. He kept to the end his frustrated sense of family continuity. At 82, he made a will, carefully providing for "the first child of mine to reach 21."

**A complaint**

When he died (1928), his heart was buried in Dorset; his ashes went to Westminster with a Prime Minister and a clutch of literary eminences in attendance. Down in Dorset they complained that he had left them nothing by his will. It was an ironic touch which Hardy would not have disliked.

His best novels: *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and *The Return of the Native*. His greatest quality as a human being, pity; as a writer, the imaginative eye, e.g., from a description of the battle-field of Alburna, "hot corpses, their mouths blackened by early ridge-biting."

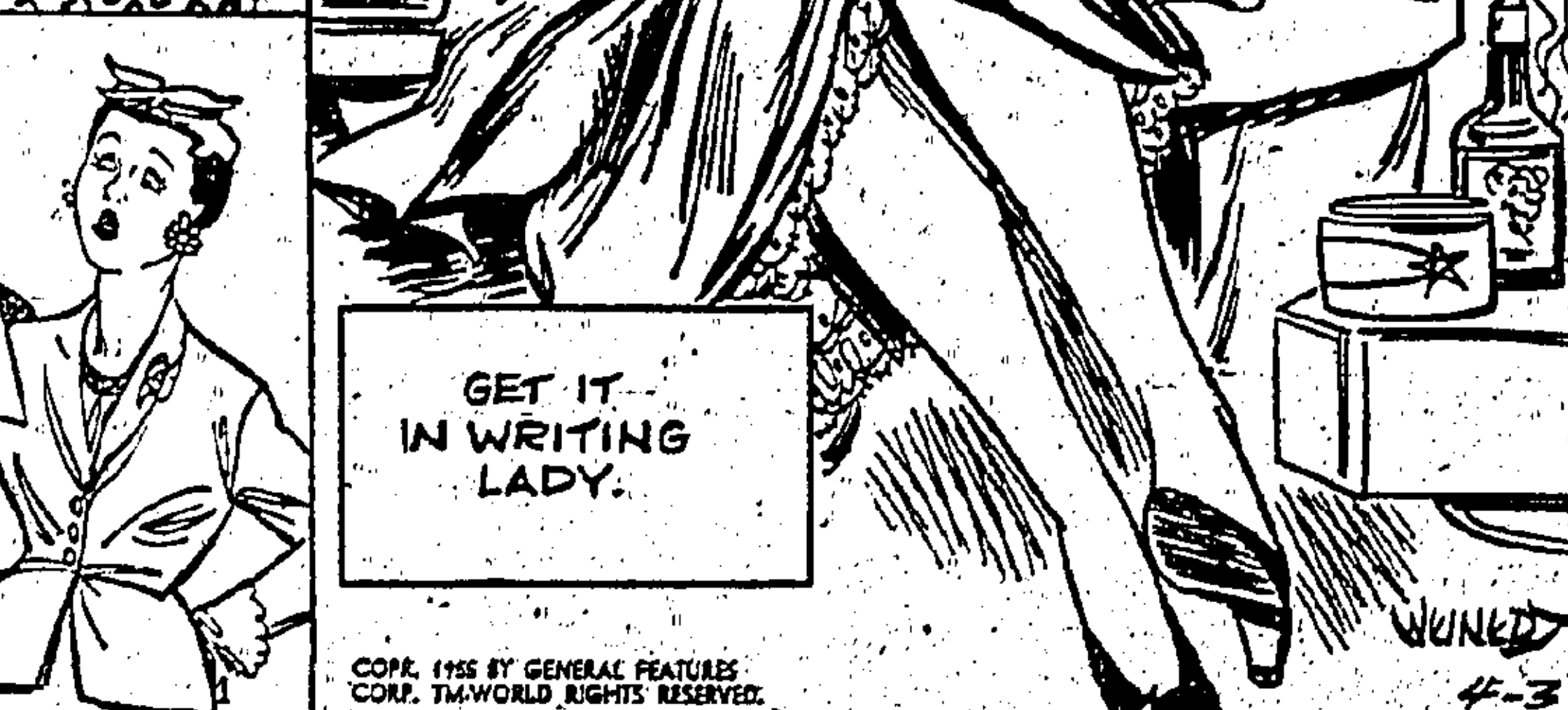
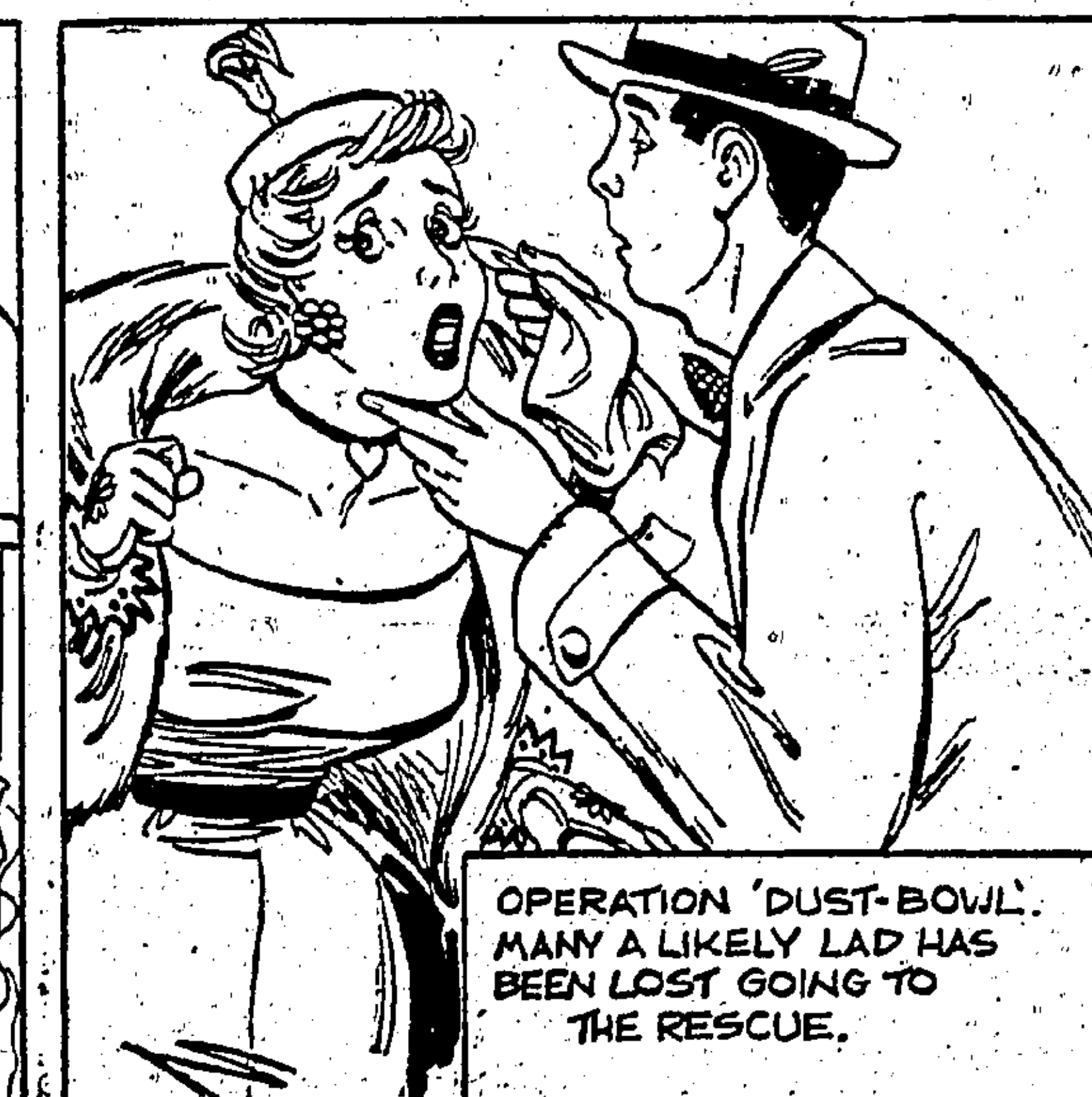
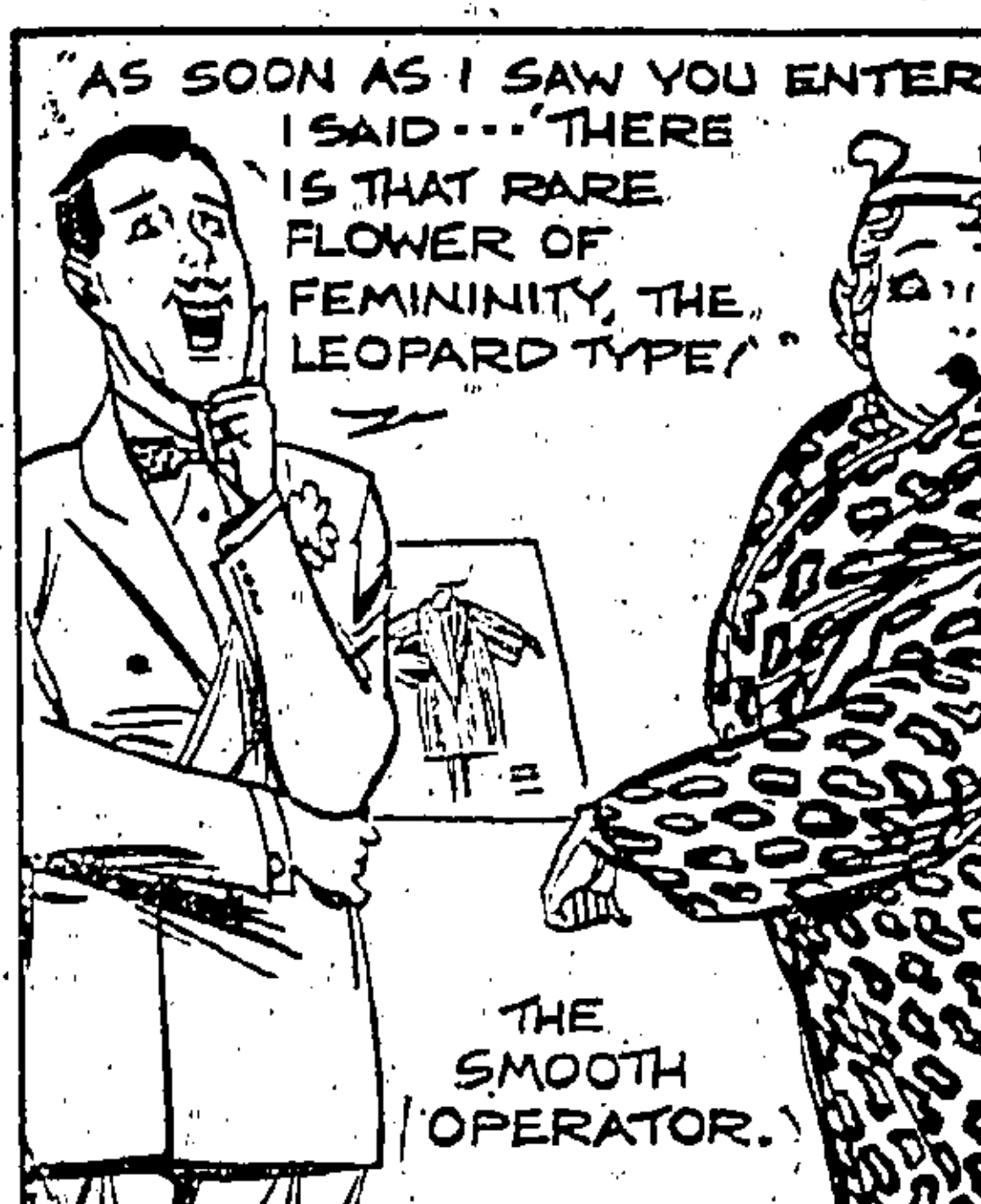
**Artie's headline**

"Honestly, you two are worse than Artie and Bryan!"

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Speaking Of Operations

BY HARRY WEINERT



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"Honestly, you two are worse than Artie and Bryan!"



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## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

# THE SUPREMACY OF OUR BIG CHINESE CLUBS MUST BE CHALLENGED—BUT HOW?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

Since South China's decisive victory over the Army in the Senior Shield final last Saturday there has been a lot of talk about the deterioration of Service football when compared with pre-war and immediate post-war standards.

As a generalisation applied to Service football in Hongkong this is surely well founded, but due to other vital factors it is also very nearly an inevitability. The tenure of service personnel in the Colony is now comparatively short and constant comings and goings make it a most difficult task for the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force to develop the essential understanding that makes men into a team.

It is not just a case of finding players from season to season... it is very often a case of finding players from week to week.

Such circumstances are bound, from time to time, to throw up a Services side that will give teams like South China, Kowloon, KMB and Sing Tao a healthy run for their money... but it is all very much a matter of chance.

There can be no such thing as team building on a long term plan... it really boils down to the three Services making the best use they can of what talent happens to be available at any particular time.

## IMPORTANT ASPECT

This brings me to a most important aspect of football in this Colony. I am on the side of those who resolutely assert that good honest international rivalry between our brilliant Chinese footballers and strong European opposition is one of the main springs of our game.

Time and time again the loyal Chinese fans have shown that there is nothing they enjoy better, and we need go no further back than to some of the games between last season's popular Army side and the top Chinese clubs to get adequate proof of it.

But Service standards will not necessarily fluctuate and we must therefore ask the question... "From where can the sustained challenge come...?"

The two possibilities are surely St Joseph's and the Hongkong Football Club. The Saints have already indicated that they are alive to the position. They have already shown that they are willing to do something about it and their importations of star men from Macao has been a big contribution to our better soccer entertainment.

It seems to me, however, that potentially it is the Club who should be best able to produce the right kind of sustained opposition. They have a first-class ground, judged by any standards.

They have wide resources and some very good players at their disposal... but with due respect to those concerned there are not enough of them to keep the Blues and Whites on a par with such consistently brilliant sides as the top Chinese clubs can put in the field.

Many folks are fully alive to the position and they contend—I think wisely—that a powerful Club side would be a "shot-in-the-arm" to our game. One suggestion I heard the other day was that it would be well worthwhile consolidating the Colony's British resources—excluding the Services of course—within one team and making a

bold bid to recapture some of the lost prestige.

## FAR-REACHING

Such a suggestion is far-reaching and would require the co-operation of several groups... but it has this to recommend it... it is the first really constructive one that has been put forward for a long time. While we must admit quite clearly that under present conditions the Chinese footballers in the Colony are away out of their own, I cannot forget completely that very often big inter-Chinese games fail to live up to expectations.

This is, I believe, due mainly to the ultra-intimate knowledge they have of each other... playing against good class European opposition gives them a much better chance to show their skill... and that of course means still better entertainment for the fans.

I believe the "consolidation plan" will be brought out into the open in the very near future. It should not be dismissed out of hand without full and fair investigation... it involves a principle—and some sacrifices—that may well mark an important revival of resident British football interests in the Colony.

## SIDELINES COACHING

A few days ago a popular Colony columnist discussed the question of coaching from the sidelines. In raising this topic he is in good company. Jack Peart, one of Britain's outstanding sportswriters, in his latest column in the Sunday Pictorial covers various aspects of the practice at length, particularly as they concern Stanley Cullis, Manager of Wolverhampton Wanderers.

Cullis, famous captain of England, was recently reprimanded and fined by the Football Association for an incident which took place from the sidelines, but it has been hinted—without confirmation—that there was more to the matter than mere coaching.

I would like to quote from Peart's article. His first comment of interest is this:—

"There is no football law against the offence, merely an FA instruction to referees."

Later he says, "Coaching from the touchline is a growing practice. I believe the FA will shortly issue a directive forbidding it—or insert a new clause in the laws of the game!"

In the final paragraphs of his article Jack Peart, who supports the FA in the particular action they have taken against Stanley Cullis, goes on to justify sideline coaching by officials in the following terms.

"These men are employed by clubs to produce successful teams. I say they should be allowed to pass on hints during a game—providing it is done in a fitting way."

## DOING HIS JOB

"The vital period in any manager's life is when his team is 'out in the middle'. Doying him the right to exploit any tactical advantage means death to individuality. And it also prevents him from doing his job."

This is a question that is almost as old as the game itself and football folk who have had

contact with the professional game in Britain will know that I speak the truth when I say that down through the years trainers and officials have found ingenious methods of passing information to their players.

I have some experience of several of these schemes... like the 'trainer with the five minutes to go, and who removed one with each passing minute... or the 'ten minutes bell' made by knocking the drinking bottle against the sides of the water bucket... but why go on. I am certain that almost every big club has a definite scheme for passing 'time' information to its players.

I am not suggesting it is either a good thing or a bad thing... but I do say that if it is the worst evil that ever hits the game... then we have nothing to fear about football's future.

## WEEK-END GAMES

Once again we can look forward to a week of first class football fare. The full programme of games is as follows:—

## Today

Eastern v. South China at Caroline Hill at 5 p.m.  
Sing Tao v. RAF at Club Stadium at 5 p.m.  
CAA v. Navy at Causeway Bay at 5 p.m.

## Tomorrow

Annual Interport  
Hongkong v. Macao at Club Stadium at 4.30 p.m.

## Tuesday

Police v. Club at Boundary Street at 6 p.m.  
RAF v. Sing Tao at Club Stadium at 6 p.m.  
Army v. Eastern at Caroline Hill at 6 p.m.

## Wednesday

South China v. KMB at Caroline Hill at 6 p.m.

## Thursday

St Joseph's v. Kwong Wah at Club Stadium at 6 p.m.

Well there is surely enough football in that lot to satisfy even the most demanding of enthusiasts. The clash of Eastern and South China is a match of special interest to the Chinese fans.

The crowds will roll along to see if the Eastern boys can repeat their previous victory over the Cameline Hillers... but I have a feeling that they will see the Senior Shield winners coming out on top on this occasion.

Tomorrow we welcome our very good friends from Macao... and in a sporting way we shall temper our welcome with a feeling of revenge for the 3-2 defeat they handed us when we visited them last season.

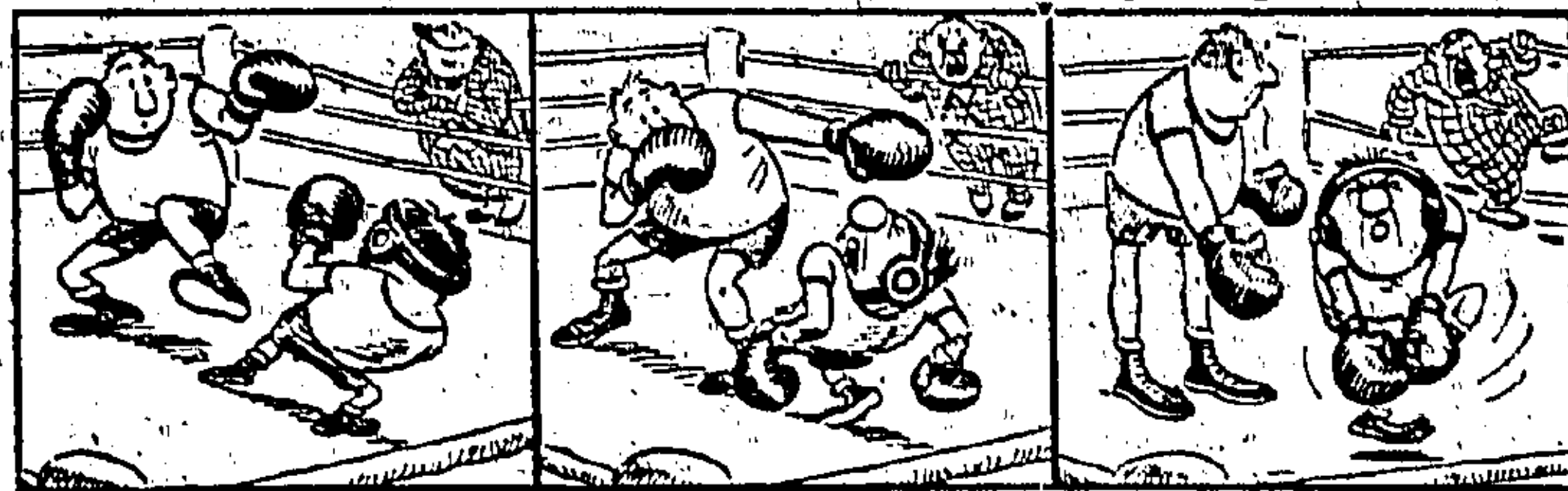
This time I expect to see our representatives score a decisive win... and I say that in spite of a healthy appreciation of the play of our near neighbours.

The mid-week interest will be centred on the vital meeting of KMB and South China next Wednesday. This could well be the game to decide the League Championship and on current form South China, much past favourites... but KMB have beaten them already this season and may very well do it again.

On all round strength South China are the better side and it may be that temperament, rather than basic ability, will decide the issue... but be that as it may... there will be a capacity crowd to cheer the players on.

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## WEEK-END SOFTBALL

## Ladies' Senior Pennant Decider Tomorrow; Saints Play Braves

St Joseph's will meet Braves in the last game of their Senior "A" League tournament programme tomorrow. Wahos 'A' and 'B' will battle in a decider for the Ladies' Senior Championship and Overseas Ladies will tangle with CAA for the Ladies' Junior title. Blackhaws 'B' will play their last match against Dukes and Americans will have a friendly game with Pandas Aces.

St Joseph's have won the Championship again and this is the last game they will play this season. They will turn out in full force, nevertheless, as they are eager to score another victory over the hard-hitting Braves.

No local team could ever beat the Tribesmen twice so far and it is rather ambitious trying to do so. With a powerful hitting roster, the Saints may very well do it.

Braves were rather unlucky this season though they possess the best sluggers in the whole League. However, their team seems short of practice as they were often erroneous on the field. This game against the Saints will be the only tough encounter left. They will also turn out their best players in the hope of beating the Champions.

Wahos 'A' are meeting their sister team, Wahos 'B', in the last game of the Ladies' Senior Play-Off Series. They have defeated tough South China and the unpredictable Pandazettes and are favoured to beat their younger sisters to regain their Championship.

Though they have lost Terry Noronha and Doreen Oozio and Nana Carvalho is indisposed, they still have a powerful squad comprising Dolly Maddox (p), Stella Bernall Silva (p), Patsy McDonald (c), Terese Campos, Irene Stanley, Gwen Dragon, Yolanda Silva (infielders), Stella Correa, Alex Mendonca, Flavia Colacao, and Marie Barros (outfielders).

Wahos 'B' did well in the qualifying rounds but were completely lost in the play-off series. This will be their last game and they are expected to lose again to their elder and more experienced sisters.

However, they are hard hitters and perhaps they will make a fight of it. On their roster are Evelyn Alonzo (p), Stella Colacao (c), Angela D'Aquino (1b), Dorothy Lee (2b), Myra Cruz (3b), Evelyn Cotton (ss), Valerie Fernandez (lf), Theresa Rosa-Pereira (cf), Tracy Brown (rf), Virgie Ribeiro (u), Marie Lewis (u) and Filomena Remedios (u).

## JUNIOR FINAL

Overseas Ladies are a bunch of students from True Light Girls' School. It is the first time they have played in the League and they have done well. Now they are in the final game with CAA Ladies for the Junior Pennant. They are a little inexperienced but they fight hard and are very keen on the game.

Judging from their past record, they have every chance to beat the Lady Athletics to clinch the title. Their line-up is—Y. T. Lo (p), Y. L. Chan (c), L. Y. Kwok (1b), Y. B. Chung (2b), L. Y. Lai (3b), K. Y. Yau (ss), S. S. Wong (lf), Y. Y. Yip (cf), W. K. Lau (rf) and reserves are K. S. Lau, K. H. Lai, C. M. Cheung, L. Y. Yip and K. F. Yip.

CAA Ladies have played for three years and are more experienced. It is their rookie opponents. It is high time for them to win the Junior Championship. They are slightly favoured over the Overseas because they have several sure hitters and a few heavy hitters.

The team consists of Katrina Wong (p), P. H. Lung (c), L. W. Chan (1b), S. Y. Wong (2b), Hamida Ismail (3b), M. K. Chan (ss), Y. Y. Lai (lf), S. Y. Tse (cf), Susan Yuen (rf), Eleanor Lee (u), K. F. Chan (u), T. Y. Chan (u), Greta Kwong (u), and Oliver Yuen (u).

Blackhaws 'B' vs. Dukes in the Junior Play-Off may be a close game but the former are more favoured than the latter who are definitely out form. Though the Dukes have put Tony Tavares on their roster, the whole team seem much out of practice and are erroneous on the field.

They have not lost hope yet as they may defeat both the Blackhaws and Comes for a final showdown. However, the Blackhaws Bees are steadier more experienced and slugs better and they should emerge the winners.

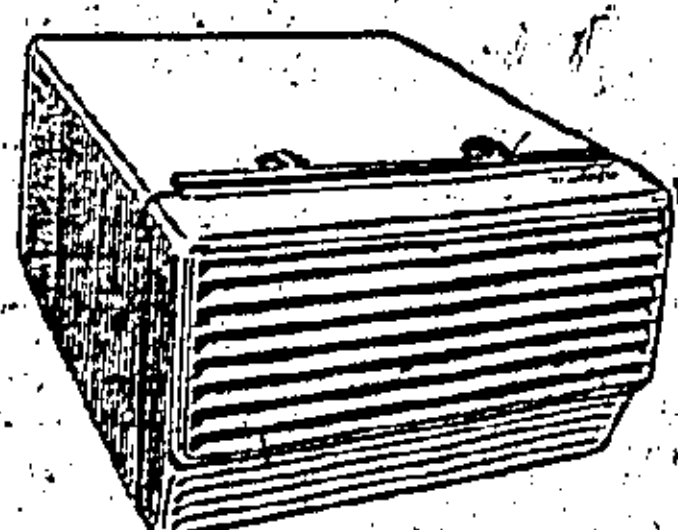
Americans will play the Blackhaws Aces a week later for the Senior 'B' League Pennant. They will play the Pandas Aces of the 'A' Division in a friendly match to keep them in good shape. Of course they will be no match for the Aces should the latter turn out their full strength. However, the Pandas will put in more reserves who have not much chance to play in League game so that the game will be more even and more interesting to watch.

## THE SCHEDULE

Sunday  
10 a.m.: (A) Wahos 'A' vs. Wahos 'B'.  
11.30 a.m.: (A) Americans vs. Pandas Aces.  
2.00 p.m.: (A) St Joseph's vs. Braves.  
3.30 p.m.: (A) Blackhaws 'B' vs. Dukes; (B) Overseas Ladies vs. CAA Ladies.

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

EASTER RACE MEETING

Saturday 9th & Monday 11th April, 1955

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 24 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon on both days.

The Tiffin interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.) each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on both days.

## MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

MEMBERS ARE INFORMED THE 1955 SETS OF MEMBERS' BADGES AND LADIES' BROCHES NOW SUPERSEDE THE PREVIOUS ISSUE.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tiffins will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

## PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

## SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

## CASH SWEEPS

There will be no Cash Sweep on the Twelfth Race of the Second Day.

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$46.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguilar Street, during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the first day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meeting, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Thursday, 7th April, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription list without stating reasons for their action.

## SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 9th April, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

The sale of these tickets will close on Friday 8th April at—  
382, Nathan Road, Kowloon at 4.00 p.m.  
5, D'Aguilar Street at 5.00 p.m.  
Queen's Building (Chater Road), at 6.00 p.m.

## TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,  
H. MISA,  
Secretary.

## NOTICE

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby

Saturday, 9th April, 1955.

Over 600,000 tickets sold to date.

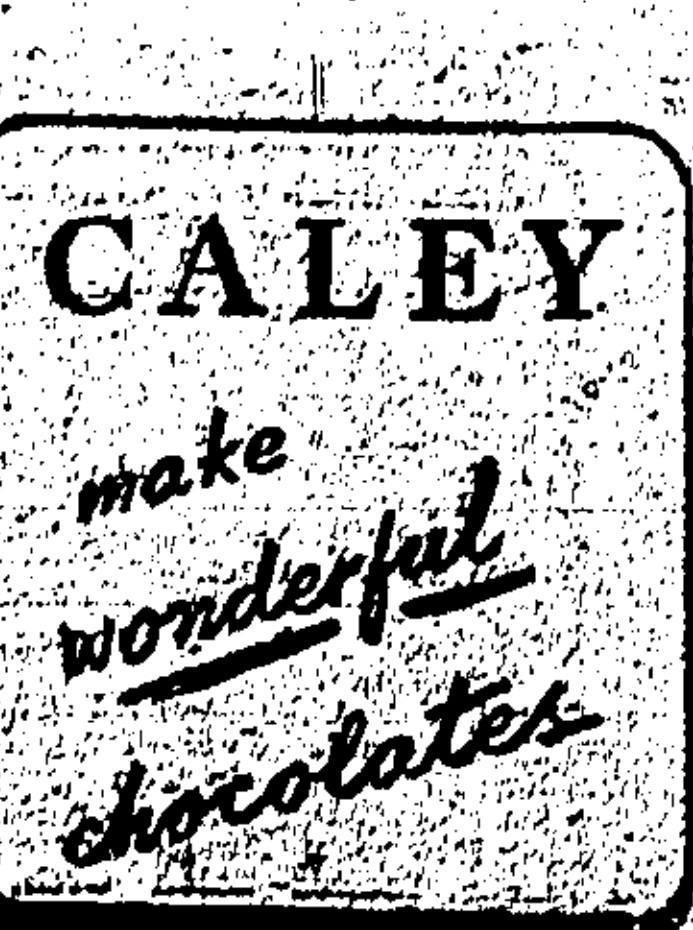
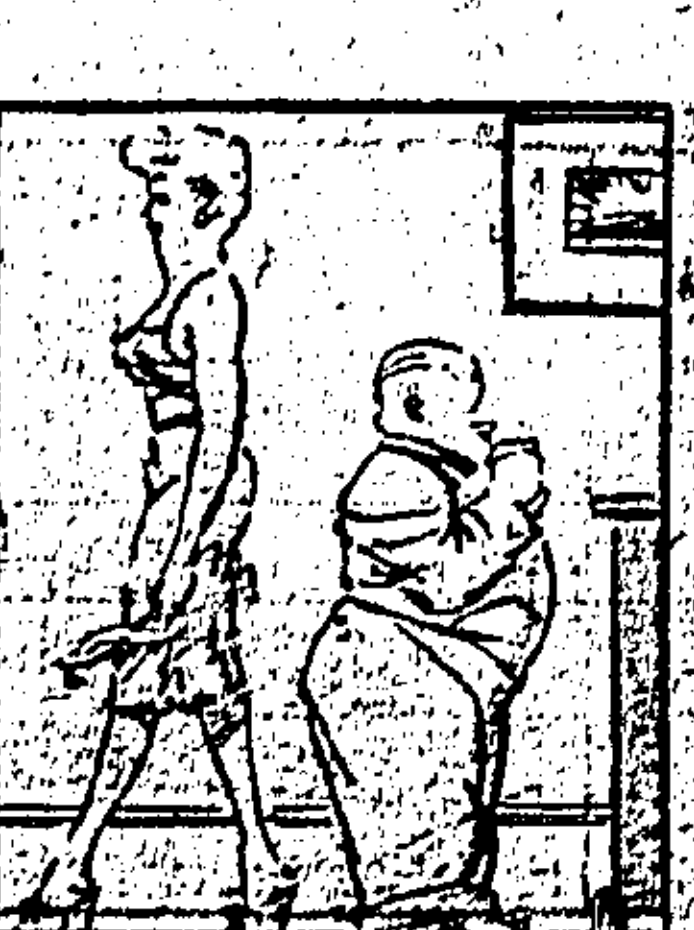
The Sale of Cash Sweep Tickets on the above will close on Friday, 8th April, as follows:—

382 Nathan Road, Kowloon, at 4.00 p.m.  
5 D'Aguilar Street at 5.00 p.m.

Queen's Building, Ground Floor, Chater Road, at 6.00 p.m.

The Draw will be held in the Public Betting Hall at the Race Course, at 10.00 a.m. on Saturday, 9th April, 1955.

By Order of the Stewards,  
PEAT, MARWICK,  
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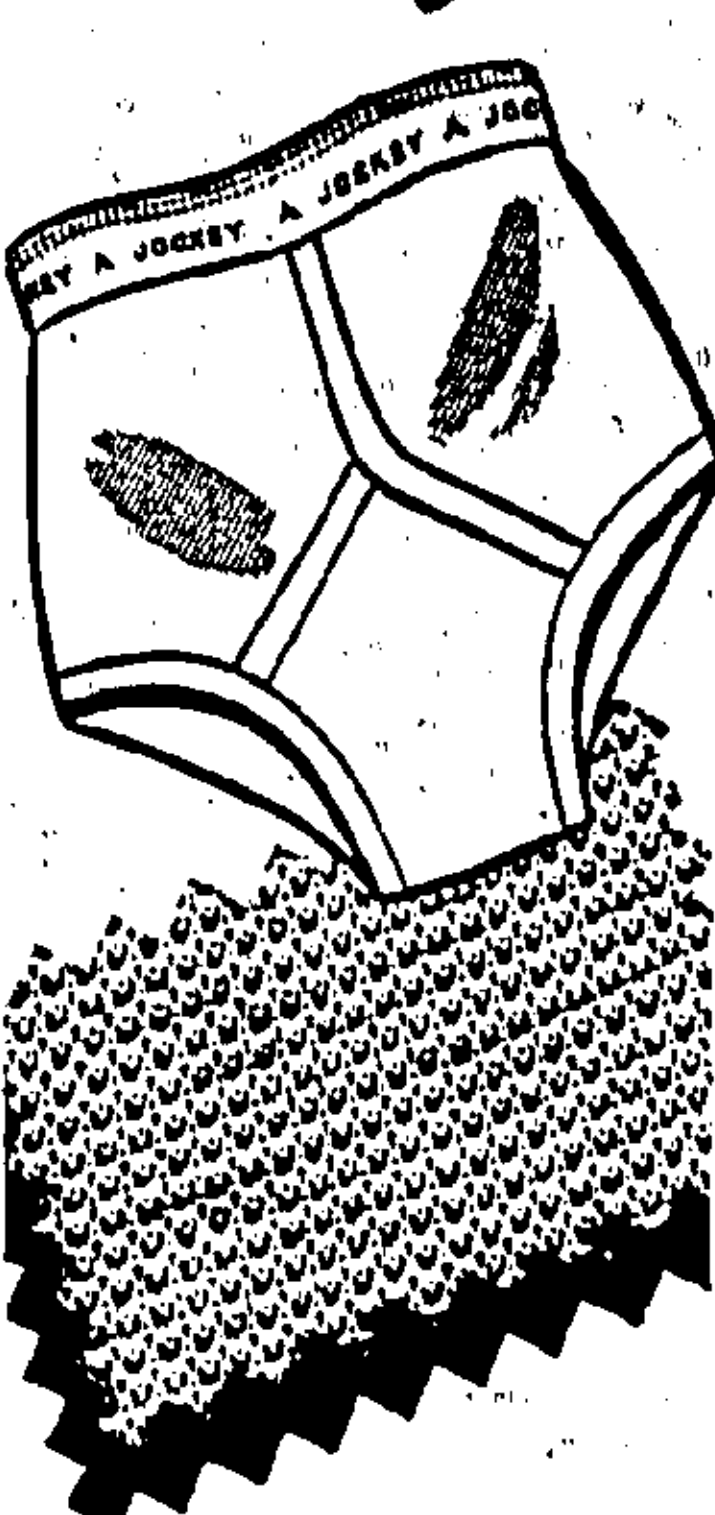
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## COLONY RUGGER STANDARD ON THE WHOLE HAS DETERIORATED

Says "PAK LO"

It is customary for those much maligned men — the press critics — to summarise the major games of the previous season, and try to project a general picture of the standard of rugger in the Colony, and I shall therefore proceed to do my best.

First and foremost comes the question of the standard of play. Is it good, bad, or indifferent? Has it deteriorated? On the whole I think it has, and the answer, I feel, lies in the change of the type of play of the Senior fifteens throughout the Colony.

Within the last two seasons the teams have, mainly through personnel problems, been forced to concentrate on their forwards, with the result that most of the teams have now a very strong pack with a weak back division.

With the halves and the three losing their hold on the game, there is much more forward play, and the ball is kept tight during the game, which from the spectator's point of view detracts from the interest.

## ONLY EXCEPTION

The one and only exception to the above remarks is the Army XV which with a good, though not outstanding pack, a very fine pair of halves, and an excellent attacking three line, has by playing a more open game than their opponents romped through the season unbeaten, until they lost their final game to the RAF.

The increased interest in the open type of game was, I consider, proved by the record crowds who turned out to watch and cheer the Fijians who completely outclassed all opposition. The Fijians played an open game "in excelsis" and deservedly won all their matches.

Two other things helped to pull down the standard this season a little. One was the lack of knowledge or understanding of the new laws of the game, and the other was the poor standard of refereeing.

Previous to the beginning of the season, many of the best referees left the Colony, either for good, or on leave, and the remainder while obviously doing their best, failed to come up to the standard expected of them.

However towards the end of the season with the return of Goldie and the arrival of Ledsham the standard improved perceptibly, and should go on improving over the next few seasons.

## EXCELLENT SUGGESTION

It has been suggested that before next season the referees hold a meeting, to consider all the aspects of the game, and to form a committee to look after next season's arrangements.

In addition it has been suggested that the Chairman of the HK Rugby Union also sit on the committee, and this I feel is an excellent suggestion. It is to be hoped that this plan is not shelved until next season, but is promptly acted upon.

One very favourable aspect has been the introduction of the Club's new system of floodlighting. This is a decided improvement on the type used in the previous season, and it has been found that floodlight games attract the biggest crowds, so it is probable that next season many more games will be played in the evenings under the floodlights.

One small complaint about the floodlight games. Some of the players have been wearing jerseys which would appear to have been issued by Noah, and it proved difficult to recognise the different teams at times, especially in a loose maul.

I would suggest that where possible teams play in highly contrasting types of jerseys.

## HIGHLIGHTS

Now the highlights of the season. First to come to mind is of course, the visit of the 1st Fijian Regiment, who again came up here to play in the FARELF Inter-Unit competition final, and this season they were successful, when they easily overcame 72 LAA in the final by 42 points to 6 points.

The Fijians have also played the Civilian, the Colony and the Combined Services, and never looked like losing in any of their games.

The RAF also brought up a Combined Malayan Singapore RAF XV which lost narrowly to the Colony, and almost as narrowly beat the Combined Service. This again was a team playing a fairly open type of game.

Of the local highlights the pride of place goes to the Army, whose Pentagonal triumph was outstanding. The Army never lost a game, and had won the title with two games out of eight remaining to play.

Next again would select the New Zealand team who in the Internationals with the addition of three civilian players easily outplayed the Welsh-Irish and England. Had this team been available for the Seven-a-Sides they would quite probably have won.

## THE ARMY

Once more back to the Army. This time to the 72 LAA who won the local Inter Unit Competition, and whose Seven won the Seven-a-Sides.

The Sevens themselves had a record entry of 54 teams, but the first two rounds were spoiled by wholesale scratching. Next year an entrance fee will probably be charged, with the return of most of the money being provided on the team playing.

Finally a quick survey of the Senior teams, and their prospects for next season.

ARMY: Was easily the best team on display, and although they are losing most of their

start, have a plentiful supply of new talent forthcoming, and should again do well next season.

RAF: Had a grand pack and a fairly good three line, but their halves never settled down. Like the Army, the RAF is not too hopeful on the prospect of replacements, and they will probably slip down the Pentagonal Table a little next season.

NAVY: As usual had trouble in fielding a strong team at the right moment, due to the movement of their ships. Had they been able to field the New Zealand XV continually, would have been a serious challenge to the Army.

CLUB: Still plagued by the shortage of good threequarters, but had and will have the best pack in the Colony. With all its injured forwards back again next season, and with their new fly half should do better next season.

POLICE: Bottom of the Pentagonal Table, but had had luck in that as they found a star their previous one was injured.

Is by far the most improved team of the season, and with the help of possible additions to their team from the UK should do well next season.

Various suggestions are now in the melting pot with regard to next season, the major one being the adoption of unit games at the beginning of the season instead of the usual Pentagonal teams playing "Friendlies".

This would mean that the Army would field two or more teams, the RAF two, the Navy two, the Club two, and the Police one.

This would certainly be a change and make the beginning of the season more interesting. Any other constructive suggestions should be forwarded to the Chairman of the H.K. Rugby Union, Mr. R. A. de Rome. That's all for this season.

## LAST LEAP TO VICTORY



Quare Times, with Irish jockey P. Taaffe up, takes the last fence to go on and win the Grand National. In the background is Tudor Line, with G. Slack in the saddle, which finished second.—China Mail Photo.

## FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

(Continued from Page 2)

Still showing signs of a little vanity, sometimes of a little pride in his reputation, Errol Flynn romances with Anna Neagle most convincingly, but don't expect to see anything startling in the way of dancing from this ex-swashbuckler. He attempts nothing more difficult than a slow buck and wing, a tip of the hat and a swing of the cane.

How vividly Herbert Wilcox has caught the spirit of London in 1944, the balloons flying importantly above the city and about as useful in stopping the V-1 as a peashooter; the sharp intake of breath as the sirens give warning of yet another pilotless menace on its way and the rising note of talk as the bomb thunders its roar, followed by the dive for the floor as the second cuts out and the V-1 takes a sharp downward curve to the helpless people below.

The concussion received by Anna Neagle in one of these raids is the excuse for her mental excursions into the past.

No strain has been put on the acting ability of any of the cast—even delightful Kathleen Harrison hasn't thought it necessary to vary her familiar cockney character—but the picture's

appeal comes from seeing several inescapable personalities happily engaged in doing what they have spent years in perfecting, and obviously enjoying it.

## FOR MUSIC LOVERS

"Preinde a La Gloire" should be seen by all music lovers even if they are averse to a film built round a child star.

It is a somewhat coloured version of the emergence of the ten-year-old French boy Roberto Benzi as a musician and conductor. A great deal is made of the exploitation of the youngster by an older, less talented conductor and his wife, after the boy has been covered and trained by a kindly old organist.

A great deal of stress is laid on the strict discipline, training and dedication that must go into the making of a musician, even one with the precocious talent of Roberto Benzi.

Looking at "Preinde a La Gloire" simply as a picture incorporating classical music, however, it has a lot to recommend it. The orchestra is one of Europe's best known and the direction by George Lacombe of the children is most natural. The home and town in which Roberto spent his childhood have been photographed just as they are, showing the advantage of neo-realism in a film dealing with this type of subject.

## SET IN BRAZIL

"The Americano" I have not had a chance to see, but in essence, it has Glenn Ford travelling south from Texas with a herd of prize Brahms bulls for a wealthy Brazilian rancher, and finding on his arrival in the Mato Grosso that his buyer is dead and his daughter, Ursula Thies, riding the range and quarrelling with Frank Lovejoy, the rascally owner of the adjoining ranch. Thrown in for good measure are Cesar Romero and Abbe Lane.

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Primo Camera of Italy.
2. Turku, Finland.
3. Gordon Richards, Len Hutton, Stanley Matthews, Rocky Marciano.
4. Donald Budge of America, in 1937-8.
5. British Boxing Board of Control; Amateur Athletic Association; Marylebone Cricket Club; Federation Internationale de Football Association.
6. 452 not out by Don Bradman.
7. Roger Barnister. There will be no new champion until the AAA championships this summer.
8. Table tennis—international men's team championship; Cricket—New Zealand's annual championship; Football—world championship trophy; Rugby Union—competed for annually by England and Scotland.
9. Randolph Turpin.
10. Ice hockey—six; baseball—nine; rugby league—thirteen—London Express Service.



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Stilton Beef	2.40	Stewing Lamb	1.70
Finest Steak	4.80		

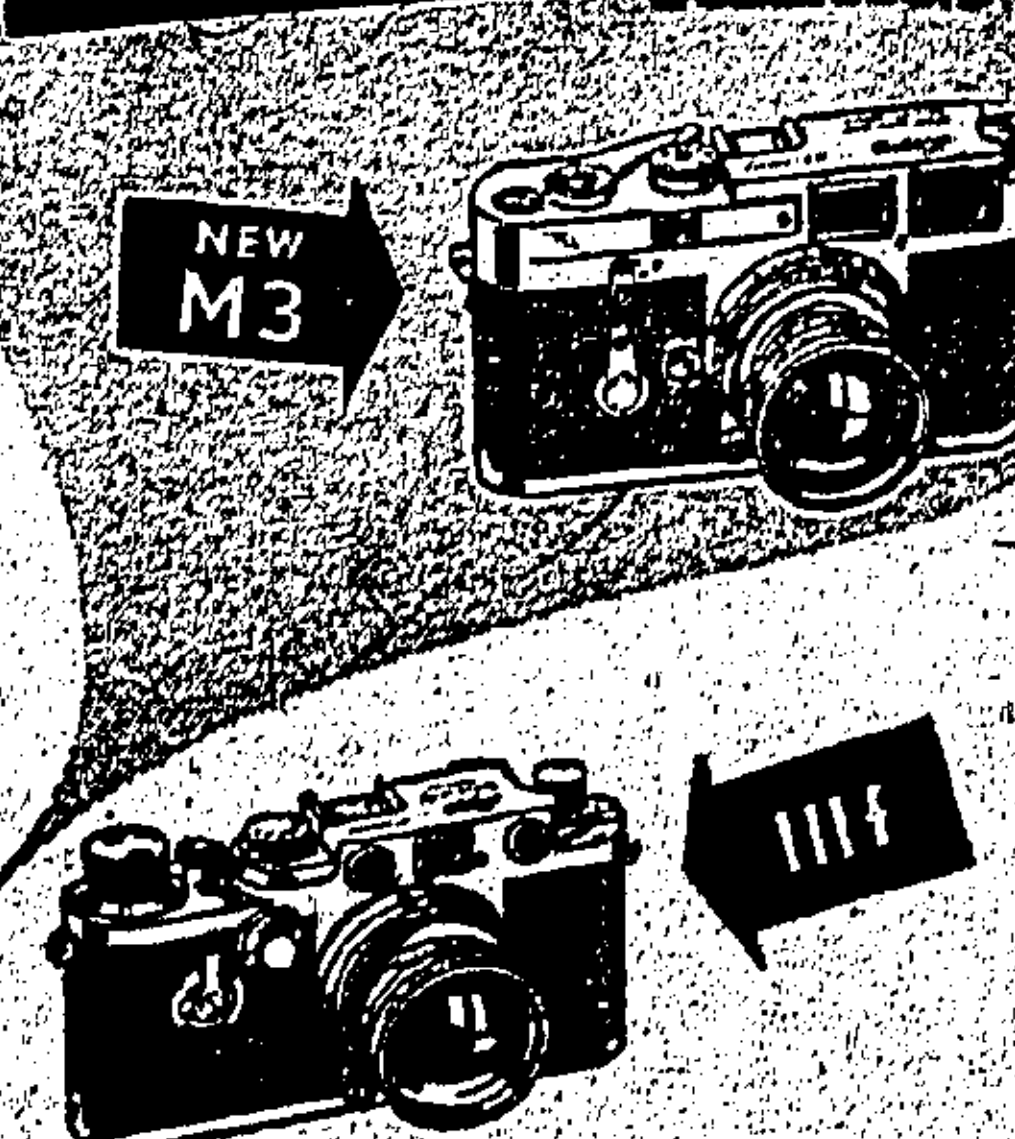
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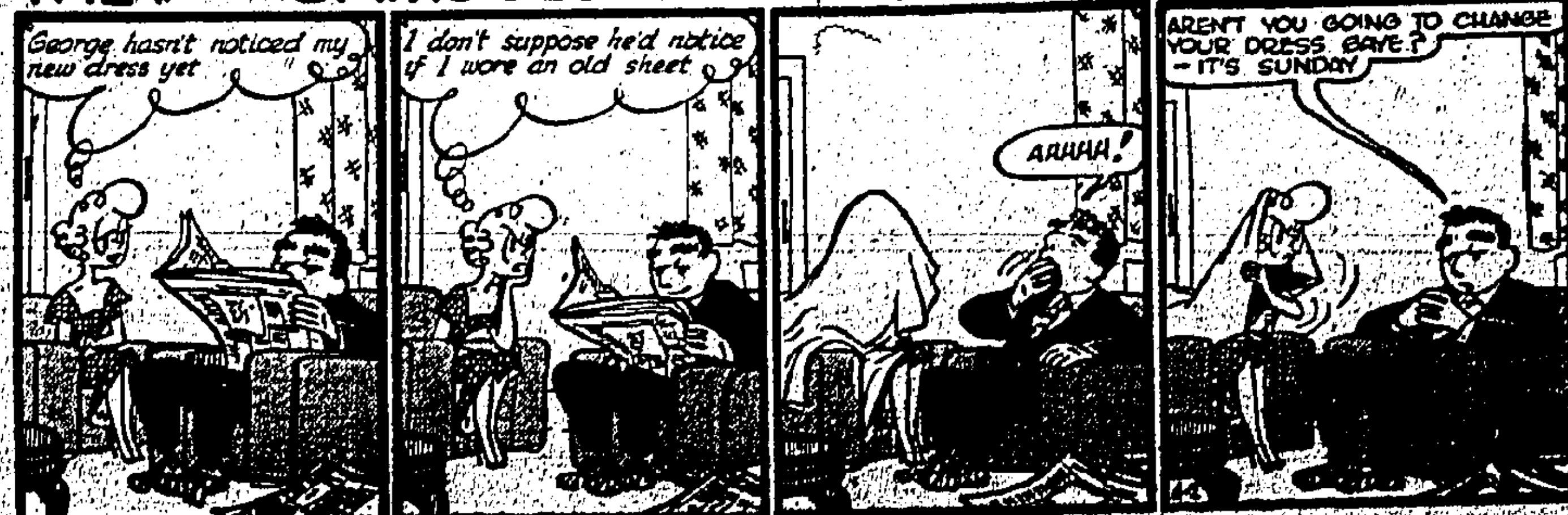
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## THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



## GOLDEN CHURN



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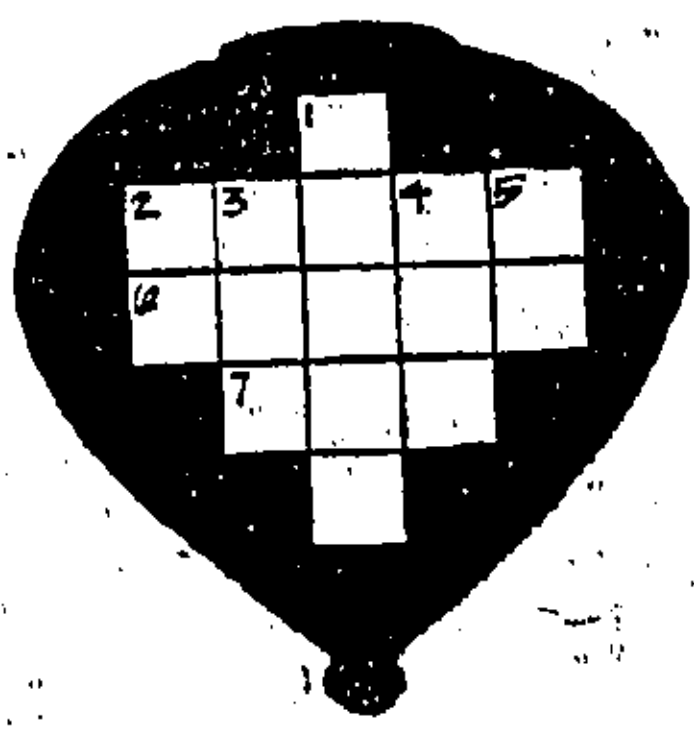
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



#### ACROSS

- 1 A top  
2 Eagle's nest  
3 Fibre knots

#### DOWN

- 1 Forefathers  
2 Symbol for samarium  
3 Writing implement  
4 Clump  
5 Compass point

#### TRIANGLE

Today's triangle is hung from DRAMAS. The second word is "to drive off", third "a mimicker", fourth French for "sea", and fifth is "an Indian mulberry". Complete the triangle:

DRAMAS  
R  
A  
M  
A  
S

### WORD CHAINS

Change MORE to LESS in four moves, then change LESS to MUCH in four more moves. Alter only one letter at a time and make sure you have a good word each time.

### WORLD SQUARE

After rearranging the letters in each row to form a good word, rearrange the rows, so they will read the same down as across:

E	E	L	P	S
E	E	E	I	R
E	A	I	R	S
E	A	I	D	L
E	I	R	S	T

### HOMONYM

The Puzzlemaster's missing words sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you finish his sentence?

A flag atop a — marked the entrance to the —  
(Solution on Page 20)

## Some Special Tricks For Your Easter Basket

By Margaret O. Hyde

**MAKE** ready for the Easter bunny! Look at the drawing and follow instructions to prepare some special gimmicks that you can put in an Easter basket for mom or a young friend.

### AN EASTER GARDEN

**WHAT YOU NEED:** Half of egg carton, eggshells, soil, radish seeds, carrot tops, or tiny ivy plants, and paints. **WHAT TO DO:** Have mother save the larger half of eggshells. Wash them. When they are dry, paint the eggshells with gay colours. Paint the egg carton, too.

Carefully fill the eggshells with soil and place them in the carton. Put a few seeds, a carrot top, or tiny house plant in each of the tiny Easter gardens. Keep the soil moist, but not wet.

### A CORK BUNNY

Cut a bunny head slightly larger than the end of a cork. Paste it on the top end of the cork. Paste a fluffy cotton tail on the other end of the cork. Put in an Easter basket.

### AN EASTER TULIP

You can make a row of Easter tulips for your window sill from paper and dyed Easter eggs.

Cut stems from green construction paper. Each stem should be 5x6 inches. Roll the five-inch side of the stem and fasten it in this



shape with cellophane tape. Cut some tulip leaves from green paper and tape them in place.

Put a dyed, hard-boiled egg on top of each stem.

### EGG PEOPLE

**WHAT YOU NEED:** Hard-boiled eggs, paste, crayons or water colours, scraps of cotton, material, string, yarn, crepe paper, etc., stiff paper and clips.

**WHAT TO DO:** Make faces on the eggs with paint or crayon and make hats or hair from other scraps. Try an Indian, a bunny, a clown, an ancient Chinese or any-

thing you wish. Stand the eggs on stiff white paper clipped collars. A 3x5-inch card will work nicely.

It's more fun and easier to work on egg people in groups.

### EGG TRANSFERS

Have you had the fun of using an indelible pencil for making Easter egg transfers? This type of stencil is easy to make, and will give your eggs an original look.

Use the pencil and draw suitable sketches for Easter egg decorations on ordinary white paper. Then wet the drawing lightly and press quickly against the egg. The design is transferred from the paper onto the egg.

After the egg drawings are transferred, paint the designs with water colours.

## Can You Recognise Bird Songs?

**NATURALISTS** who claim to understand bird music tell us it is a song without words. We all know that certain songs and calls of birds are so nearly spoken, or so suggestive of words to be sung, that poet and woodsman unite in their interpretation. Even science, on occasion, records them recognition.

### WEATHER FORECAST

Take the call of the whippoorwill for example, with his endless quavering demand for the unknown William's punishment that has earned him his name.

On the other hand, there is our cheerful friend Bobwhite—no less cheerful because his confident announcement may also be treated as a prophecy of bad weather.

"More wet! More wet!" he cries. Then there is the owl, quite unmistakably taking an anxious one might say a melancholy—interest in the social register: "Who-o-o's Who-o-o?"

The words that fit real songs are usually not quite so obvious, but recognisable. One naturalist once collected quite a number of the more familiar ones.

England and Switzerland have their cuckoos; these people love the pretty notes of the cuckoo in spring. They sing a double note: "Cuckoo-coo, Cuckoo-coo." You know how a cuckoo clock sounds.

"Cheerily—Cheerily, cheer up!" of course, belongs to the confident and optimistic robin. Everyone understands that call.

"Plough it! Plough it! Hoe it! Hoe it!" advises the farmer's friend—the brown thrasher. Meanwhile the flicker adds his emphatic "Quick! Quick! Quick!"

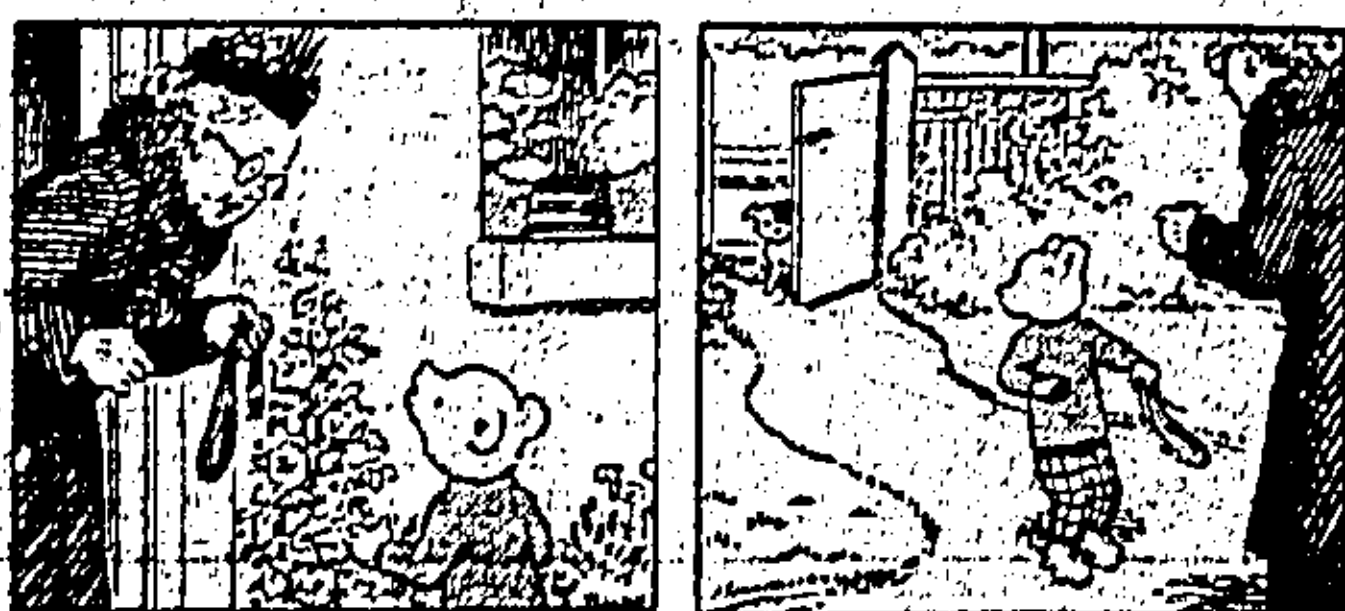
The common song sparrow, swelling his little throat proudly, even imagines that he shares the farmer's toil. Just listen to him: "Wheat, wheat, I reap! I reap! I reap! I reap the wheat field!" He has an equal interest in another profession. He sings no less cheerily, "See! See! I think I see the preacher!"

### MELODIOUS PRAISE

The gay little goldfinch, flashing in airy pursuit of thistle-down with which to line his dainty nest, has one of the simplest, sweetest, and most unmistakable of songs. Doves may bill and coo, but he is the model lover among birds, the most dashing and the most devoted. His melody is a repetition of the charms of his less brilliant mate: "Sweet, sweet, sweet! Sweet, sweet, oh, sweet is she! No one so sweet, sweet, sweet!"

And there are "Caws, Caws, Caws," made by crows and hawks. Perhaps they are not music, but do they not sound like words?

## Rupert and the Inventor—5



Snuffy's owner is very relieved to know that her pet is not far away, and more so when Rupert offers to catch him for her. "That's really kind of you," she says. "You'll need something to hold him with if you do manage to catch the rat." And returning to Myrtle's cottage she fetches the little dog's lead. At that instant a familiar sound strikes them both, turn sharply. To their astonishment who should be peeping round the gate but Snuffy.

## NEW STAMPS SHOWING Fine Specimens Of Wild Life

**I CONGRATULATE** South Africa on the new set of stamps just issued showing some of the finest specimens of wild life found within the Union and further north.

The photogravure process used in this set shows to best advantage the magnificent, savage strength of the lion which makes the centrepieces of the sixpenny issue. And every item in the set is printed with lifelike clarity.

South Africa is one of the countries in the British Commonwealth which has shown excellent judgment in her choice of stamp subjects over the years.

New issues have not been sufficiently frequent to make collectors regard them as a money-making stunt—an unlikely assertion not infrequently made about certain lands in southern Europe.

On the other hand, apart from the Union's earliest years, there has been no lengthy period without its pictorial and commemorative gems.

Looking over South African values in the price catalogue, I see one of the most important items is a pair of penny black and sixpenny stamps, the latter being a picture of a lion which symbolises this country's philately for many collectors.

One of the pair was printed upside down in the issue of 1954. Now the pair are catalogued at £50 unused.

The new lion stamp is 13½ by 14 and costs 4d. in London. —J. A. A.

## General Tin's Snow Column

—But You Can't Go Sleigh Riding on a Column—

By MAX TRELL

**TEDDY** the Stuffed Bear ran up to General Tin, the Tin Soldier, and said squeakily and excitedly: "It's snowing!"

General Tin's expression didn't change. Or to say this more correctly, he didn't have any expression on his face to begin with and he didn't have any now that he knew it was snowing.

**Seeking A Better Audience** Seeing that General Tin wasn't as surprised as he should have been at this news, Teddy the Stuffed Bear decided to tell it to someone else.

So he ran up to Mary-Jane the Rag Doll who was, thinking things over in a dark corner of the room underneath the leg of the table.

"Mary-Jane! It's snowing!" Teddy said.

"Really?" said Mary-Jane. "Why?"

Teddy couldn't answer this so he looked around to see to whom else he could tell the news.

He saw Mr Punch standing in front of his mirror rubbing soap on his face and getting ready to shave.

### Not Responsible

"It's snowing!" Teddy said.

"Very good," said Mr Punch. "Thank you very much, Teddy!"

"Oh, I didn't have anything to do with it," said Teddy. "It just came down! I didn't make it snow."

"Thank you just the same for telling me," said Mr Punch.

Teddy now saw Knarl and Hand, the shadow-children with the turned-about names. He left Mr Punch and ran up to tell them.

"It always snows this time of the year," said Knarl. "It keeps on snowing, well be able to go sleigh-riding this afternoon."

"That's what I'm hoping," said Teddy. "That's why I like the snow!"

Knarl and Hand and Teddy all went for the window to



Teddy told General Tin "It's Snowing!"

watch the flakes fluttering down.

"Where do they all come from?" asked Teddy.

"From the sky!" said Hand.

"Did somebody open a big bag and dust them out?" said Teddy.

"They look like feathers!" said Knarl. "They look as if a million white birds were all dropping their white feathers."

Mr Punch came over to the window to join them, followed by General Tin and sleepy Mary-Jane.

Mary-Jane said: "How many snow flakes must fall before anyone can go sleigh-riding?"

"A billion," said Mr Punch, "but I'm not sure. It might be ten billion."

### Column of Snow

General Tin said that once when he had gone to a very cold place on his travels, he had seen snowflakes falling one on top of the other, just in one spot... one on top of the other, one on top of the other, for days and days and days. "And when it stopped snowing," said General Tin, "there was the most beautiful, the slenderest, the most graceful thin column that you ever saw. It stretched up into the sky. I'm sorry none of you saw it."

They all kept looking out of the window, watching the snow as it kept falling. They were glad it didn't fall in just one spot. You can't go sleigh-riding on a column of snow.



"The solution to our financial problem is simple. You've got to make more money."

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 2

**BORN** today, you have talent for the written word. Your powers of observation are keen; your memory for detail exceptional; and your ability to dramatise the average ordinary things of life is outstanding. You also have perseverance and the ability to take pains. All these characteristics add up to an individual who should make good in a literary career, wherein, as someone once said: It's one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration.

Your reasoning powers are sharp and you can usually sift through a lot of material and get down to basic motivations. Once there, you seem to know just what to do about it. Fond of the mysterious and something of a mystic, you are also practical when it comes to doing the work that must be done! This combination is a fortunate one, for it permits you to take inspiration and turn it into realisation.

You have a wide variety of interest and should be warned against letting too many objectives enter your life all at once. A juggler makes his living by keeping half a dozen objects in the air at the same time. But that takes years of training! In youth, tackle one job, finish it, and then go on to the next. Later on in life, maybe you can do the juggling act.

Among those born on this date are: Leon Gambetta, French patriot; Charlemagne; Prince Olaf of Norway; Emile Zola, author; Nita Naldi, actress; and Nicholas Murray Butler, educator.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Invite a few close friends in for a socially pleasant evening in your own home. Enjoy your self.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Every minute today is valuable. Matters at home may call for instant decision. Calm and steady does it!

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—This has all the aspects of a happy day. Plan to do something interesting as a family group.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Sunday activities are especially favoured. You might receive inspiration from hearing a good sermon.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—The mind and spirit need nourishment so this is the day for it. Church attendance could prove helpful.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A really happy day. Spring into all its beauty is beckoning to you. Get into the country if you can.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

**BORN** today, you are kindly and sympathetic to the appeals of all who approach you. It is impossible for you to see anyone suffer without doing something about it. You often make personal sacrifices which may, or may not, be necessary. Be sure that you weigh each plea carefully before acting upon it. Not everyone could be given this kind of advice—but for you it is often needed. So many people will be leaning upon you for help that you may not have time left over to take care of your own problems properly!

The stars have been generous in giving you many talents and you will find it easy to make a success of almost any project you may wish to undertake. You have literary talent and should utilise it. You can speak well in public, are popular wherever you go and might well find your career in politics. Your artistic senses are keen. If you do not utilise these gifts in the field of literature, you may find that your sense of colour and form leads you to a career as an artist. You are also drawn to the stage. With an early start, you could become one of the outstanding personalities of your age in the theatre.

Select a marriage partner with great care. For you to wed in haste might bring great sorrow. Select someone who understands your artistic temperament thoroughly.

Among those born on this day are: Edward Everett Hale and Washington Irving, authors; John Burroughs, naturalist; George Jessel, comedian; Margaret Anglin, actress; and Bud Fisher, cartoonist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 4

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—This could be one of those dizzy days when there is too much to be done. Tackle one thing at a time.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Get an early start this morning and you will surprise even yourself with how much you can accomplish.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—Follow your regular routine but don't, whatever happens, worry about something that may never occur!

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Look before you leap into anything and you can avert trouble. Being prepared is half the battle.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you will follow a carefully planned schedule which you have set up beforehand, you can get much done.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You should be able to make a good thing today. If you have been conscientious, you might even get a raise.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Could be that cupid has a surprise for you today. Romance is definitely in the air for you.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you are confident of what you can accomplish, you can do practically anything today.

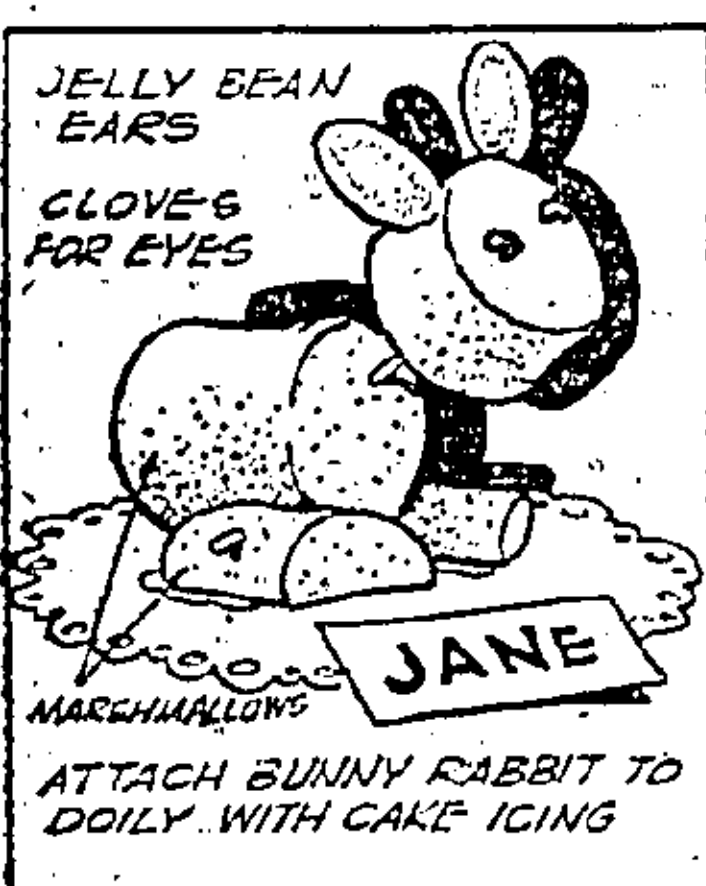
**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Utilise all your talents for skillful work with your hands and you will make excellent progress.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—There may be minor setbacks today, but if you are cautious you can circumvent them.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Prepare your will and that some reorganisation of your routine at home or the office is a good idea now.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be a little more diplomatic than usual or you may trip someone's toes with your aggressive ideas.

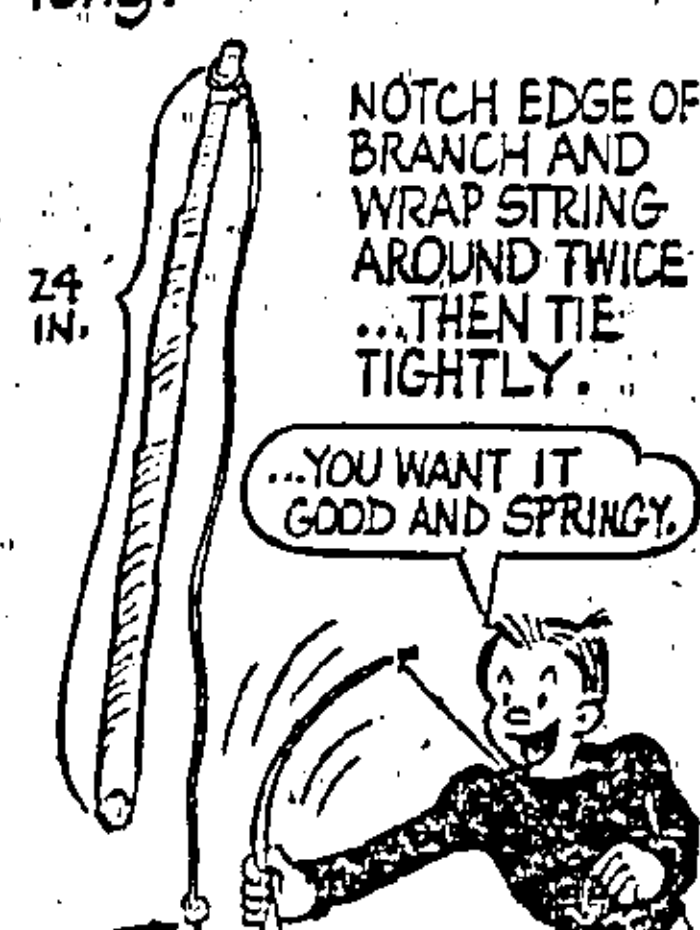
## Marshmallows Turn Into An Easter Rabbit



**HAVE** fun with a marshmallow Easter bunny. Cut a marshmallow in halves to make the bunny's two legs. Fasten the legs to a whole marshmallow (the body) with short pieces of toothpicks. A second marshmallow is fastened to the body with another toothpick to make the bunny's head. Stock two pink candy beans into the head for the bunny's ears. Use two cloves for the eyes.

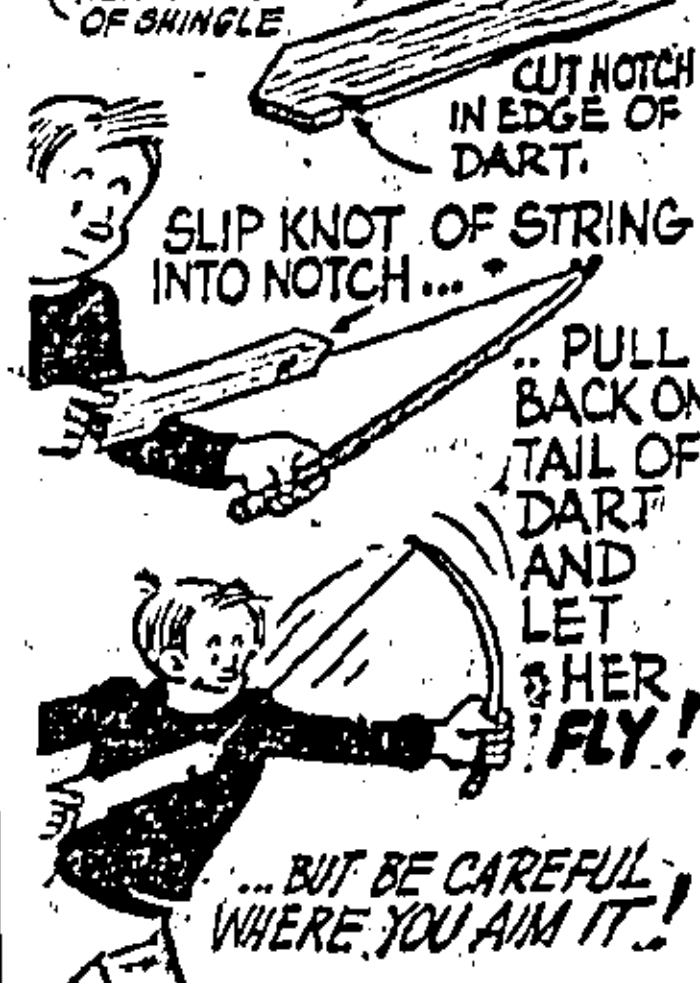
Put a drop of cake icing on the bottom of the bunny's feet and press them gently, but firmly against the centre of a small lacepaper dolly until the icing has set enough to hold the bunny upright. The bunny can be used as a place card. Write each person's name on a white slip of paper and glue to the dolly at the bunny's feet.

## HOW TO MAKE A WILLOW DART

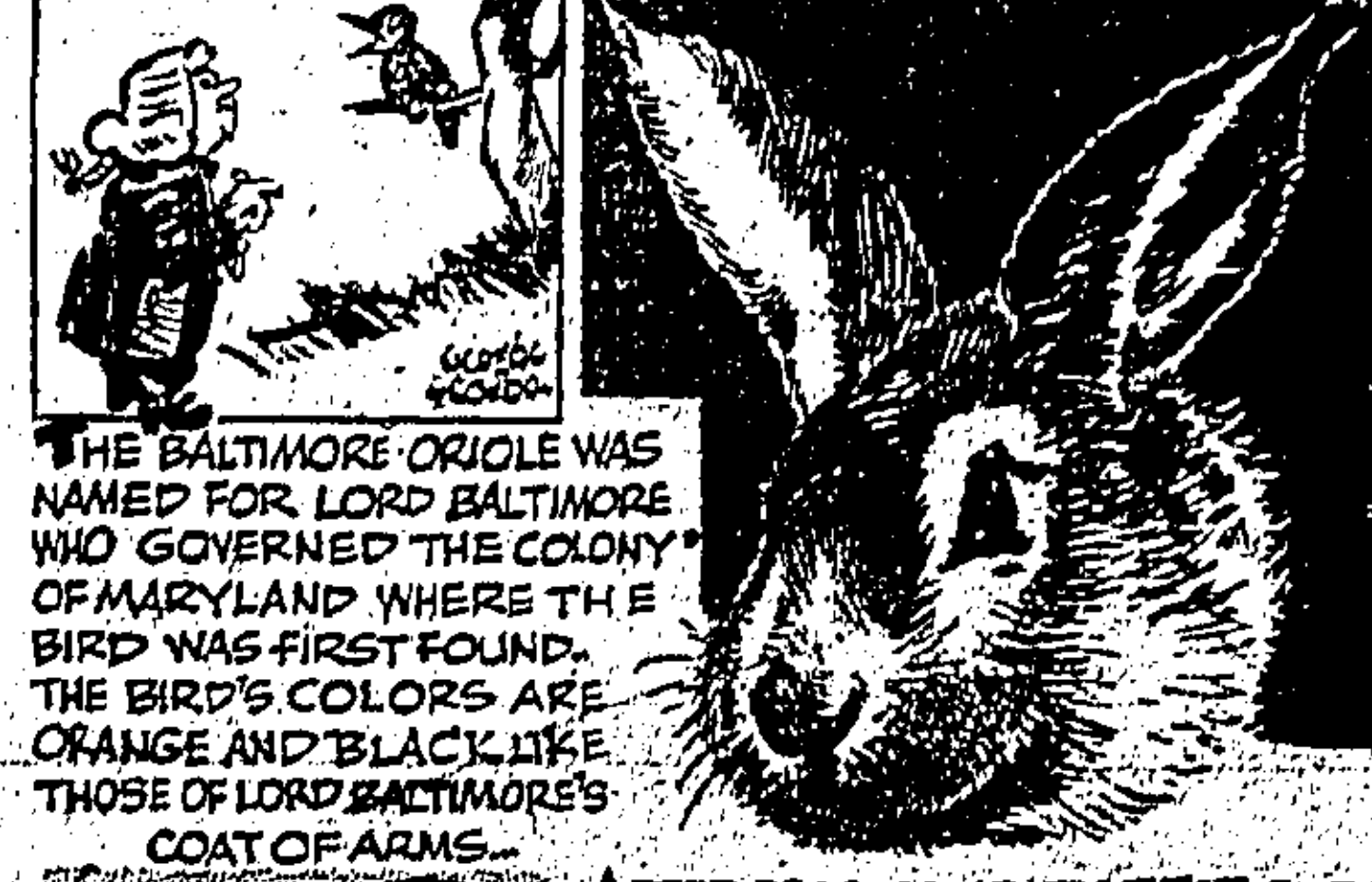


**1. Tie a strong STRING to a WILLOW or MAPLE branch about 24 inches long.**

**2. FROM A WOODEN SHINGLE CUT A DART LIKE THIS...**



## ZOO'S WHO



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE WAS NAMED FOR LORD BALTIMORE WHO GOVERNED THE COLONY OF MARYLAND WHERE THE BIRD WAS FIRST FOUND. THE BIRD'S COLORS ARE ORANGE AND BLACK LIKE THOSE OF LORD BALTIMORE'S COAT OF ARMS.

AFTER PROCESSING, RABBIT FUR, DEPENDING ON ITS QUALITY, MAY BE KNOWN AS CONEY, LAPIN, FRENCH SEAL, FRENCH BEAVER, ERMINLINE, NEAR SEAL, POLAR SEAL, MARMOINE, ERMINETTE OR SQUIRELINE.



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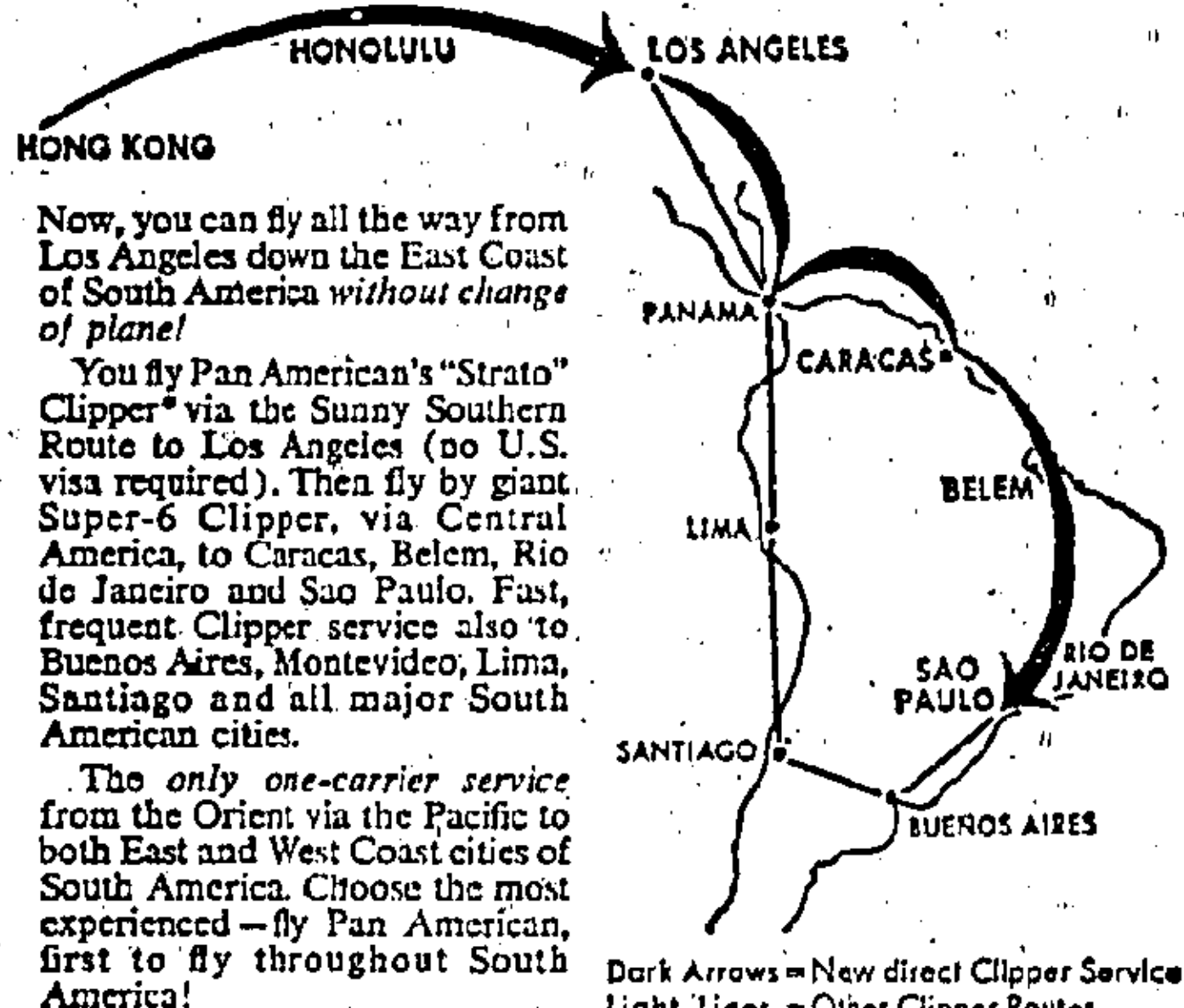


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## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Think Play Out—  
Then Give Answer

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHAT do you think of East's double of four hearts in today's hand? Put yourself in East's place, and imagine that you are playing in a national tournament. South is a pretty good player, neither the best nor the worst in the country. Should you double four hearts or should you pass?

There's no question in my mind: you should pass. The hand obviously belongs to the opponents since they have bid strongly and your side has never entered the auction. If four hearts is a bad contract, East-West will have an automatic good score; for then few other North-South pairs will reach the bad contract.

If four hearts is a good contract, it is pointless to double it. And if four hearts is one of those in-between contracts, the double may steer South into the winning line of play.

At most tables West opened the device of clubs, whether or not East doubled. When there

NORTH (D) 21			
♠ 75			
♥ 864			
♦ A K 2			
♣ A Q 7 5 5			
WEST			
♠ 9 7 4 3 2			
♥ 5			
♦ Q 7 6 5			
♣ 2			
EAST			
♠ A 8			
♥ K Q 9 3			
♦ 10 4			
♣ K 10 9 8 3			
SOUTH			
♠ K Q 10 6			
♥ A J 10 7 2			
♦ 3 2			
♣ 3 4			
North-South vul.			
North	East	South	West
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
1 N.T.	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
4 ♥	Double	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ 2			

was no double to guide him, declarer invariably finessed the club at the first trick. East won the first trick with the king of clubs and returned the suit for West to ruff.

That, of course, was the end for poor South. He lost the first two tricks and was sure to lose the ace of spades and, at least one trump later on.

The situation was quite different when East doubled. South was careful to go up with the ace of clubs at the first trick. It was then just a matter of limiting the loss to one club, one spade, and one trump.

At the second trick South led a low trump from dummy. East played low, and South won a finesse with the jack. South got back to dummy with the ace of diamonds and led another trump. When East put up the queen, declarer played low.

Now what was East to do? East might take the king of clubs and return the king of clubs to dummy's queen, but declarer could then take another trump finesse, draw the last trump, and then knock out the ace of spades. East could make only three tricks, and declarer was bound to make his doubled contract.

## CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1 Club Pass 1 Diamond Pass  
1 Heart Pass 7

You, South, hold: Spades Q-7-2, Hearts Q-7-5-4, Diamonds K-J-6-3, Clubs K-3. What do you do?

A—Bid three hearts. This jump raise is forcing to game but indicates that you lack the strength for a raise to four hearts. You can well afford this raise with 11 points in high cards, fine trump support, and a doubleton.

## TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spade 7, Hearts Q-7-5, Diamonds A-J-6-3-2, Clubs K-3-2. What do you do?

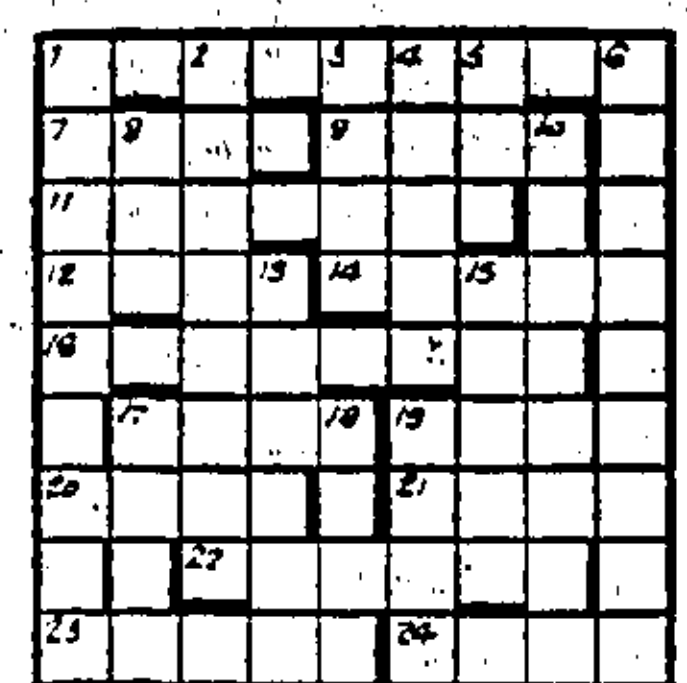
Answer on Monday

## DUMB BELLS

LOOK AT THE WONDERFUL BARGAIN I GOT! A WHOLE BOX OF FIFTY CENTS AND YOU TOLD ME THEY WERE WORTH A DOLLAR A PIECE!



## CROSSWORD



Across  
1. Is backward M.P. followed by a question mark (7)  
2. The Mormons settled here (4)  
3. Precipitate (4)  
4. Radio reticulation (7)  
5. Stage scene (4)  
6. Prophecy (5)  
7. He was on the payroll of many a medieval king (8)  
8. King of Shakespeare (4)  
9. Main group of one thousand (4)  
10. Hop in here! (4)  
11. Spoke rimbed (4)  
12. Things that do this are just on the ball (6)  
13. Many films—according to the filmgoer (8)  
14. Jew of literature (4)

Down  
1. You'll never get this in the summer, if you use Six Down (9)  
2. It's the basis of the bed (3)  
3. Pleadably fellow (4)  
4. More unusual cooking instructions (5)  
5. River from people skating (3)  
6. These may be above your heads—but those outside many shops are not for sale (9)  
7. You peg down, and hit away (7)  
8. They get a good run for their club money (8)  
9. No one can say this is moving (8)  
10. Weird (5)  
11. Lady with this made a big reputation (9)  
12. Battering ones won many an old-time victory (4)  
13. Spare these, the bexas said (4)  
14. Today's solution (4)

COITAGESSE  
LADY WITH  
THIS MADE  
A BIG REPUTATION  
OFTIMES  
TREESPIES  
MAINTAINING  
CAMBODIA  
SPRINKLING  
SPRINKLER  
Today's solution.

## POPULAR RECORDS:

## EIGHT SPANIER NUMBERS

IN 1939 a great New Orleans doctor saved the life of a big name in jazz—Muggsy Spanier. And 15 years later the good surgeon pulled golfer Ben Hogan through his crisis.

Hogan conveyed his thanks by winning golf tournaments again. Spanier showed his appreciation by composing and dedicating a hot jump blues, "Oh, Doctor Ochsner!" to his benefactor.

This number is one of eight in a new Decca jazz album, "Hot Horn," featuring Spanier and his able combo. Particularly outstanding is an 11-minute version of "Caracas Love" that permits all of the members of the band to demonstrate their virtuosity.

While Spanier receives excellent co-operation from all of his sidemen, the backing given by Phil Gomez on the clarinet is almost sensational.

From the "Hot Horn" of Spanier we move to the "Golden

Horn" description of Ray Anthony's trumpet on his latest Capitol LP. Anthony stars in 12 numbers, but his notes are particularly golden in "It Ain't Necessarily So."

And Bobby Hackett blows a mighty authoritative horn in Jackie Gleason's latest recorded presentation, "Music to Remember Her" (Capitol). This is a collection of 16 numbers about women (Ruby, Cherry, Louise, etc.) and the Hackett trumpet weaves a romantic tapestry to give added glamour to each.

Tops in Pop: "San" by Shay Turrent (Mercury). "Randomness" from "There's No Business Like Show Business" by The Naturals (M-G-M). "I Got a Go Get My Baby" by Teresa Brewer (Coral) and "Blue Mirage" by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians (Decca).

Show Time: "House of Flowers" (Columbia). The original Broadway cast starring Pearl Bailey presents exotic music by Harold Arlen in an excellent re-recording on records of a musical hit.

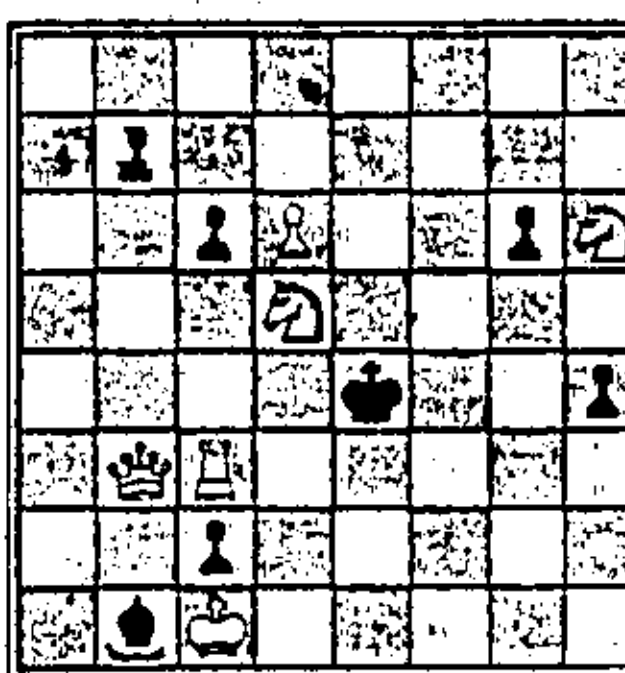
Hillbilly hit: "The Nutty Lady of Shady Lane" is a humorous take off by Homer and Jethro on a popular song (RCA-Victor).

—WILLIAM D. LAFFLER

## CHESS PROBLEM

By E. H. SHAW

Black, 7 pieces.



White, 6 pieces.

White to play; mate in three.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. Q-KB3, any; 2. Q, R, or P

mate.

## BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

WHAT would you do if a wealthy uncle left you two elephants in his will? This happened to a man the other day.

For an impecunious couple, living in a council house, it presents certain difficulties. No council will allow you to tether even one elephant at the back of the house. It gets the neighborhood a queer name. One good idea is to take them to the nearest billiards saloon, offer the tusk at a decent price, and say, "I'll throw in the elephants themselves for an extra quid."

Prodnose: Why not sell them to a zoo?

Myself: If it was as simple as that, I'd have nothing to write about, you fool!

Why not give them to the nicest maharajah you know?

The way to her heart

I WILL bet a washable, sleeveless, non-hipline, sharkskin petticoat in plum-blue and amber that the policeman who is reported to be a pipe-smoker is only trying to be tough. Twang your mandolin outside the police station in the dusk, and watch her eyes fill with dreams. Throw her a rose as she walks her beat, and see her manly stride slacken, and her huge hand go to her heart. Call her Trilby instead of Sergeant Bothurst, and the

rasping note will die out of her voice. She will hang her head, and trace your initials in the dirt of the street with the sharp end of her truncheon.

Rather rough shooting

COMPLAINTS that poachers mingled with guests and joined a shoot retail one of Foulmouth's favourite tricks. Many a time he has edged his way in. He behaves so naturally that each person he talks to thinks he is the friend of someone else. So everybody accepts him. Last week he startled a pigeon-shoot by saying: "This reminds me of the old Afghan border." Once, in a wilder mood than usual, he accepted an invitation to some rough shooting. He rejoined the main party, singing as he came along, and said to his host: "Can have some more dogs? I've shot all those."

Marginal note

IN order to measure the intelligence of the public the B.C. sent out emissaries to question people about their private affairs so that a psychologist could deduce certain facts from the answers. But the cream of the joke is that the psychologist missed the only important fact, which is that anybody with a halfpennyworth of intelligence and dignity would have refused to be questioned.

## DARTWORDS

START HERE

THE starting place for today's Dartwords is WARE in Herefordshire, and the destination is TONGA. Your route to the Pacific lies by way of Mars and Paris, and is discovered by rearranging the other 48 words so that the remaining letters form any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

## RULES

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

3. It may be found by adding one letter to the preceding word.

4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.

5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known place, person, or thing.

6. It may be a word in the same family as the preceding word.

7. It may be a word in the same family as the preceding word.

(Solution on Page 20)

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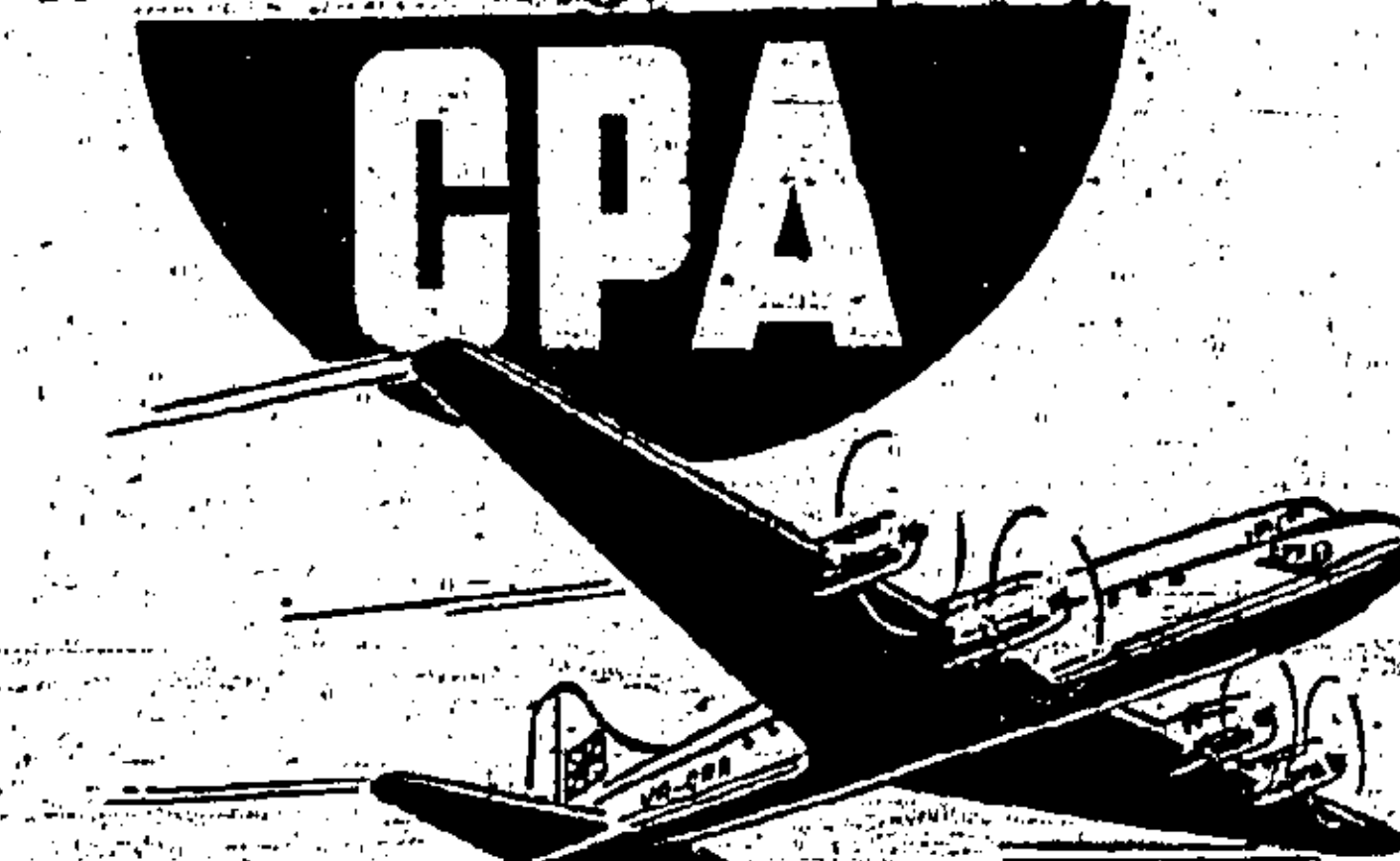
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